



ANECDOTA LITERARIA.

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ANECDOTA LITERARIA;

A COLLECTION OF

SHORT POEMS

IN ENGLISH, LATIN, AND FRENCH,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

LITERATURE AND HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN
THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY,

AND MORE ESPECIALLY OF THE

CONDITION AND MANNERS OF THE DIFFERENT CLASSES
OF SOCIETY.

EDITED FROM MANUSCRIPTS AT OXFORD, LONDON, PARIS, AND BERNE,

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TO
HENRY HALLAM, ESQ. F. R. S., V. P. S. A. &c.
Foreign Associate of the Institute of France (Académie des Sciences morales
et politiques.)

DEAR SIR,

THE following pieces have been collected in part during a favourite study, that of the intellectual and moral character of society in the middle ages as exhibited in its lighter literature, a rich and abundant field of research. I beg the permission of dedicating my little volume to you, not only as a testimony of personal respect and esteem, but as a very feeble mark of my admiration of your writings, which have conduced more than any others to the improved historical taste which now prevails in England. Perhaps I may also be led by an interested feeling; for I can hope from your deep knowledge of the social history of the middle ages for an indulgent appreciation of scraps which, bearing upon minute points, may appear to many to be hardly worth the trouble of collecting.

These pieces were assembled with a view to two particular objects; one, the social history of the middle ages, the other, the history of the transmission of popular fiction. I was led to insert a few inedited fabliaux, by the accidental discovery of one which appears to be the immediate original of one of Chaucer's tales, which I have therefore chosen for the purpose of showing

how much remains to be done to produce even a tolerable text of Chaucer's works. The history of fiction is best illustrated by collecting the different forms of one tale in their chronological order. Although the tale of the Miller and the Two Clerks is an unfavourable example in some respects, yet it is curious from the circumstance of its having appeared under two forms in the thirteenth century, each of which became the head of a separate branch continued distinct down to the seventeenth century: one branch is represented by the tales here printed, the French fabliau, the Miller of Trompington, and the Miller of Abington; the other is found in the fabliau of Gombert, in the story in Boccaccio, and in the French novelists down to Lafontaine. The English fabliau of Dame Siriz is one form of a story of which we can trace the history through all its variations from its first origin in the farthest East.

Society in the middle ages was formed of discordant materials. It exhibited during a period of its history somewhat of an oriental separation of castes; and each class regarded the others with more or less of jealousy and hatred. The minstrel not unfrequently gratified the feelings of the caste which supported him by satirising the peasant, or the burgher, or the priest. Many of the brief metrical pieces in which these satirical expressions were conveyed, are found scattered through old manuscripts, and I have thought

worthy of preservation the few inedited specimens I have met with. They all contain interesting traits of the social manners and feelings of the age in which they were written ; but some of them could not with propriety be published in a more popular form. Society in the middle ages was essentially coarse and licentious in its character, and its literary monuments naturally partake largely in the blot.

I have added to these a few pieces of a more miscellaneous character. In fact the present collection was made without any distinct plan, or special object. It may be looked upon as a small collection of private *Adversaria*, the product of some desultory reading among a certain class of manuscripts. A few hasty notes have been added in the hope of rendering some passages of the original texts more intelligible to the general reader.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your very faithful servant,

THOMAS WRIGHT.

London, Sept. 7, 1844.

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ANECDOTA LITERARIA.

SECTION I.—FABLIAUX.

The Fabliaux, or short metrical tales, form a large portion of the French literature of the thirteenth century. They were recited by the *joculatores*, *jogelours*, or wandering minstrels, to amuse the feudal barons and knights and relieve the dulness of their evenings. They are generally stories of a facetious cast, intended to make "beards wag," and not unfrequently they offer the most undisguised obscenity, yet there are reasons for believing that they were often recited in the presence of ladies of rank and education. Such however was the coarseness of society in the middle ages. The character of the *jogelour* was apparently borrowed from the Arabs, perhaps originally through the Spanish Moors; and the tales which he told may in many instances be distinctly traced to Oriental models. This portion of the history of medieval fiction presents a wide and pleasant field of research.

The number of French fabliaux found in English manuscripts, many of them containing evidence of having been composed in England, shows that they were no less popular in our island than on the continent; yet it is singular that we should have so few instances of English translations. This, however, may be accounted for in some degree by the very great destruction of early English popular literature, much of which, existing orally, was perhaps never committed to writing, or at least seldom in a permanent form. The fabliau of Dame Siriz, which I print for the first time entire, is the earliest fragment of the kind now known to exist in the English language, and was probably composed (or rather translated) in the latter part of the thirteenth century. The only manuscript in which it has been preserved is certainly of the reign of Edward I.

There is no story in which we can trace more circumstantially its progress from the East than in this fabliau. It is found in the very ancient Indian collection of stories entitled *Vrihat-Kathâ*, under a clearly original clothing. Four young merchants undertake to seduce a virtuous wife, and they find an aged priestess of Budha who acts the part of the 'dame Siriz' of our English fabliau: a part

which seems to have come with propriety into the attributes of an Eastern priestess. She visits the lady, and takes with her a little dog to which she has given some highly seasoned meat. The lady, seeing the dog in tears from the effects of the pepper, asks the reason, and the old woman tells her that her dog is deploring the errors of its past life; that it had been a brahmin's wife who, during the absence of her husband on a voyage, had refused to encourage the advances of her young suitors, and, in punishment for having thus resisted the voice of nature, after her death she had become a dog (an unclean animal), with the remembrance of the errors of her former life. We have here the Indian doctrine of the metempsychosis, which was lost when the story passed into the languages of the Persians and Arabs. In its altered form the story is found in the Oriental collection of the Seven Vizirs, and in the Greek Syntipas. It made its first appearance in the West in the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Peter Alfonsi, and in the different versions of that work, whence it was adopted into other collections, and became exceedingly popular during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The English version here printed has probably been translated from a French fahliu, although I am not aware that the original now exists. A fragment of an English interlocutory poem, apparently on the same subject, was communicated to the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 145, by Sir Frederic Madden.

An analysis of the fahliu of Dame Siriz, with long extracts (printed and explained very incorrectly) was given by Haslewood in the fourth volume of the *British Bibliographer*.

DAME SIRIZ.

[From MS. Digby, No. 86, fol. 165, in the Bodleian Library.]

Ci commence le fables et le cointise de dame Siriz.

As I com by an waie,
 Hof on ich herde saie,
 Ful modi mon and proud;
 Wis he wes of lore,
 And gouthlich under gore,
 And clothed in fair sroud.
 To lovien he begon
 On wedded wimmon,
 Therof he hevede wrong;
 His herte hire wes alon,
 That reste nevede he non,

The love wes so strong.
 Wel ȝerne he him bi-thoute
 Hou he hire gete moute
 In ani cunnes wise.
 That befel on an day,
 The loverd wend away
 Hon his marchaundise.
 He wente him to then inne
 Ther hoe wonede inne,
 That wes riche won;
 And com into then halle,
 Ther hoe wes srud with palle,
 And thus he bigon:—
 "God almiȝtten be her-inne!"
 "Welcome, so ich ever bide wenne,"
 Quod this wif;
 "His hit thi wille, comme and site,
 And wat is thi wille let me wite,
 Mi leve lif.
 Bi houre loverd, hevene king,
 If I mai don ani thing
 That the is lef,
 Thou miȝtt finden me ful fre,
 Fol bletheli willi don for the,
 Withhouten gref."
 "Dame, God the for-ȝelde,
 Bote on that thou me nout bi-melde,
 Ne make the wroth,
 Min bernde willi to the bede;
 Bote wraththen the for ani dede
 Were me loth."
 "Nai i-wis, Wilekin,
 For nothing that ever is min,
 Thau thou hit ȝirne;
 Houncurteis ne willi be,
 Ne con I nout on vilté,
 Ne nout I nelle lerne.
 Thou mait saien all thine wille,
 And I shal herkennen and sitten stille,
 That thou have told.
 And if that thou me tellest skil,
 I shal don after thi wil,
 That be thou bolde;
 And thau thou saie me ani same,

Ne shal I the nouȝt blame
 For thi sawe."
 " Nou ich have wonne leve,
 ȝif that I me shulde greve,
 Hit were hounlaw.
 Certes, dame, thou seist as hende ;
 And I shall setten spel on ende,
 And tellen the al,
 What ich wolde, and wi ich com,
 Ne con ich saien non falsdom,
 Ne non I ne shal.
 Ich habbe i-loved the moni ȝer,
 Thau ich nabbe nout ben her
 Mi love to schowe.
 Wile thi loverd is in toune,
 Ne mai no man with the holden rounde
 With no thewe.
 ȝursten-dai ich herde saie,
 As ich wende bi the waie,
 Of oure sire ;
 Me tolde me that he was gon
 To the feire of Botolfston*
 In Lincolneschire.
 And for ich weste that he ves houte,
 Tharfore ich am i-gon aboute
 To speken with the.
 Him burth to liken wel his lif,
 That miȝtte welde sett a vif

* Boston in Lincolnshire, formerly celebrated for its great fair, of the importance of which in the thirteenth century some idea may be formed from the account given by Thomas of Walsingham, (Hist. Angl. p. 54) of its being plundered in 1289 by a party of armed men.—"Hoc anno armiger quidam dictus Robertus Camerarius, cum suis complicitibus vere dæmoniis, tentoria mercatorum apud Sanctum Botulphum et mercimonia incendens, diffuso igne magnam partem villæ et ecclesiam fratrum Prædicatorum combussit; in diversis nempe villæ locis ignem apposuerunt ut ipsi liberius possent residua spoliare. Dumque mercatores pro mercibus suis salvandis et extinguendo igne discurrerent, per dictum armigerum et suos trucidantur. Dicebatur revera, quod tota pecunia Angliæ vix restitueret damna ibidem facta; currebant namque rivuli argentei et aurei et metallorum fusilium usque in mare." On fairs in England in the middle ages, see Warton, Hist. Engl. Poet. vol. ii, p. 55, (edit. of 1840).

In privité.
 Dame, if hit is thi wille,
 Both dernelike and stille
 Ich wille the love."
 "That woldi don for non thing,
 Bi houre Loverd, hevene king,
 That ous is bove!
 Ich habe mi loverd that is mi spouse,
 That maiden broute me to house
 Mid menske i-nou;
 He loveth me and ich him wel,
 Oure love is also trewe as stel,
 Withhouten wou.
 Than he be from hom on his hernde,
 Ich were ounseli, if ich lernede
 To ben on hore.
 That ne shal nevere be,
 That I shal don selk falseté,
 On bedde ne on flore.
 Never more his lif wile,
 Thau he were an hondred mile
 Bi-3ende Rome,
 For no thing ne shuld I take
 Mon on erthe to ben mi make,
 Ar his hom come."
 "Dame, dame, torn thi mod:
 Thi curteisi wes ever god,
 And 3et shal be;
 For the Loverd that ous haveth wrout,
 Amend thi mod, and torn thi thout,
 And rew on me."
 "We, we! oldest thou me a fol.
 So ich ever mote biden 3ol,
 Thou art ounwis.
 Mi thout ne shalt thou newer wende;
 Mi loverd is curteis mon and hende,
 And mon of pris;
 And ich am wif bothe god and trewe;
 Trewer womon ne mai no mon cnowe
 Then ich am.
 Thilke time ne shal never bi-tide,
 That mon for wouing ne thoru prude
 Shal do me scham."
 "Swete lemmon, merci!

Same ne vilani
 Ne bede I the non ;
 Bote derne love I the bede,
 As mon that wolde of love spede,
 And fide won.
 So bide ich evere mete other drinke,
 Her thou lesest al thi swinke ;
 Thou miȝt gon hom, leve brother,
 For wille ich the love, ne non other,
 Bote mi wedde houssebonde.
 To tellen hit the ne wille ich wonde."
 " Certes, dame, that me for-thinketh ;
 And wo is the mon tha muchel swinketh,
 And at the laste leseth his sped !
 To maken menis his him ned.
 Bi me i saie ful i-wis,
 That love the love that I shal mis.
 An, dame, have nou godne dai !
 And thilke Loverd, that al welde mai,
 Leve that thi thout so tourne,
 That ihc for the no leng ne mourne."
 Dreri mod he wente awai,
 And thoute bothe niȝt and dai
 Hire al for to wende.
 A frend him radde for to fare,
 And leven al his michele kare,
 To dame Siriz the hende.
 Thider he wente him anon,
 So suithe so he miȝtte gon,
 No mon he ni mette.
 Ful he wes of tene and treie ;
 Mid wordes milde and eke sleie
 Faire he hire grette.
 " God the i-blessi, dame Siriz !
 Ich am i-com to speken the wiz,
 For ful muchele nede.
 And ich mai have help of the,
 Thou shalt have that thou shalt se
 Ful riche mede."
 " Welcomen art thou, leve sone ;
 And if ich mai other cone
 In eni wise for the do,
 I shal strengthen me ther-to ;
 For-thi, leve sone, tel thou me

What thou woldest I dude for the."
 " Bote leve Nelde, ful evele I fare ;
 I lede mi lif with tene and kare ;
 With muchel hounsele ich lede mi lif,
 And that is for on suete wif
 That heiztte Margeri.
 Ich have i-loved hire moni dai ;
 And of hire love hoe seith me nai :
 Hider ich com for-thi.
 Bote if hoe wende hire mod,
 For serewe mon ich wakese wod,
 Other miselve quelle.
 Ich hevede i-thout miself to slo ;
 For then radde a frend me go
 To the mi sereve telle.
 He saide me, withhouten faille,
 That thou me couthest helpe and vaile,
 And bringen me of wo,
 Thoru thine crafftis and thine dedes ;
 And ich wile jeve the riche mede,
 With that hit be so."
 " Benedicite be herinne !
 Her havest thou, sonc, mikel senne.
 Loverd, for his suete nome,
 Lete the therfore haven no shome !
 Thou servest after Godes grome,
 Wen thou seist on me silk blame.
 For ich am old, and sek, and lame ;
 Seknesse haveth maked me ful tame.
 Blesse the, bless the, leve knave !
 Leste thou mesaventer have,
 For this lesing that is founden
 Oppon me, that am harde i-bonden.
 Ich am on holi wimon,
 On witchecraftt nout I ne con,
 Bote with gode men almesdede
 Ilke dai mi lif I fede,
 And bidde mi pater-noster and mi crede,
 That Goed hem helpe at hore nede,
 That helpen me mi lif to lede,
 And leve that hem mote wel spede.
 His lif and his soule worthe i-shend,
 That the to me this hernde haveth send ;
 And leve me to ben i-wreken

On him this shome me haveth speken."
 "Leve Nelde, bi-lef al this;
 Me thinketh that thou art onwis.
 The mon that me to the taute,
 He weste that thou hous touhest saute.
 Help, dame Sirith, if thou maut,
 To make me with the sueting saut,
 And ich wille geve the gift ful stark,
 Moni a pound and moni a marke,
 Warne pilche and warne shon,
 With that min hernde be wel don.
 Of muchel godlec miȝt thou ȝelpe,
 If hit be so that thou me helpe."
 "Liȝ me nout, Wilekin, bi thi leuté,*
 Is hit thi hernest thou tehest me?
 Lovest thou wel dame Margeri?"
 "Ȝe, Nelde, witerli;
 Ich hire love, hit mot me spille,
 Bote ich gete hire to mi wille."
 "That, god Wilekin, me reweth thi scathe,
 Houre Loverd sende the help rathe!
 Weste hic hit miȝtte ben for-holen,
 Me wolde thincke wel solen
 Thi wille for to fullen.
 Make me siker with word on honde,
 That thou wolt helen, and I wile fonde
 If ich mai hire tellen.
 For al the world ne woldi nout
 That ich were to chapitre i-brout,
 For none selke werkes.
 Mi jugement were sone i-given,
 To ben with shome somer driven,
 With prestes and with clarkes."
 "I-wis, Nelde, ne woldi
 That thou hevedest vilani
 Ne shame for mi goed.
 Her I the mi trouthe pliȝtte,
 Ich shal helen bi mi miȝtte,
 Bi the holi roed!"
 "Welcome, Wilekin, hiderward;
 Her havest i-maked a foreward
 That the mai ful wel like.

* Haslewood read *sente*, and explained it *salvation*!

Thou maiȝt blesse thilke sith,
 For thou maiȝt make the ful blith ;
 Dar thou namore sike.
 To geder hele ever come thou hide[r],
 For sone willi gange thider,
 And maken hire hounderstonde.
 I shal kenne hire sulke a lore ;
 That hoe shal lovien the mikel more
 Then ani mon in londe."
 "Al so havi Godes grith,
 Wel havest thou said, dame Sirith,
 And goder hile shal ben thin.
 Have her twenti shiling,
 This ich ȝeve the to meding,
 To buggen the sep and swin."
 "So ich evere brouke hous other flet,
 Neren never penes beter biset,
 Then thes shulen ben.
 For I shal don a juperti,
 And a ferli maistri,
 That thou shalt ful wel sen.—
 Pepis nou shalt thou eten,
 This mustart shal ben thi mete,
 And gar thin eien to rene :
 I shal make a lesing
 Of thin heie renning,
 Ich wot wel wer and wenne."
 "Wat ! nou const thou no god ?
 Me thinketh that thou art wod :
 ȝevest tho the welpe mustard !"
 "Be stille, boinard !
 I shal mit this ilke gin
 Gar hire love to ben al thin.
 Ne shal ich never have reste ne ro,
 Til ich have told hou thou shalt do.
 Abid me her til min hom come."
 "Ȝus, bi the somer blome,
 Hethen nulli ben bi-nomen,
 Til thou be aȝein comen."
 Dame Sirith bigon to go,
 As a wrecche that is wo,
 That hoe come hire to then inne,
 Ther this gode wif wes inne.
 Tho hoe to the dore com,

Swithe reuliche hoe bigon :
 " Loverd," hoe seith, " wo is holde wives,
 That in poverte ledeth ay lives ;
 Not no mon so muchel of pine
 As povre wif that falleth in ansine.
 That mai ilke mon bi me wite,
 For mai I nouthur gange ne site.
 Ded woldi ben ful fain,
 Hounger and thurst me haveth nei slain ;
 Ich ne mai mine limes on wold,
 For mikel hounger and thurst and cold.
 War-to liveth selke a wrecche ?
 Wi nul Goed mi soule fecche ? "
 " Seli wif, God the hounbinde !
 To dai wille I the mete finde !
 For love of Goed.
 Ich have reuthe of thi wo,
 For evele i-clothed I se the go,
 And evele i-shoed.
 Com herin, ich wile the fede."
 " Goed almiȝtten do the mede,
 And the loverd that wes on rode i-don,
 And faste fourti daus to non,
 And hevene and erthe haveth to welde."
 " As thilke Loverd the for-zelde,
 Have her fles and eke bred,
 And make the glad, hit is mi red ;
 And have her the coppe with the drinke ;
 Goed mede the for thi swinke."
 Thenne spac that olde wif,
 Crist awarie hire lif !
 " Alas ! alas ! that ever I live !
 Al the sinne ich wolde for-give
 The mon that smite off min heved :
 Ich wolde mi lif me were bi-reved ! "
 " Seli wif, what eilleth the ? "
 " Bote ethe mai I sori be :
 Ich hevede a douter feir and fre,
 Feirer ne miȝtte no mon se ;
 Hoe hevede a curteis hossebonde,
 Freour mon miȝtte no mon fonde.
 Mi douter lovede him al to wel ;
 For-thi mak I sori del.
 Oppon a dai he was oute wend,

And thar-forn wes mi douter shend.
 He hede on ernde out of toune :
 And com a modi clarc with croune,
 To mi douter his love beed,
 And hoe nolde nout solewe his red.
 He ne miȝtte his wille have,
 For nothing he miȝtte crave.
 Thenne bi-gon the clerc to wiche,
 And shop mi douter til a biche.
 This is mi douter that ich of speke :
 For del of hire min herte breke.
 Loke hou hire heien greten,
 On hire cheken the teres meten.
 For-thi, dame, were hit no wonder,
 Thah min herte burste assunder.
 And wese hever is ȝong houssewif,
 Ha loveth ful luitel hire lif,
 An eni clerc of love hire bede,
 Bote hoe graunte and lete him spede."
 "A! Loverd Crist, wat mai thenne do!
 This enderdai com a clarc me to,
 And bed me love on his manere,
 And ich him nolde nout i-here.
 Ich trouue he wolle me for-sape.
 Hou troustu, Nelde, ich moue ascape?"
 "God almiȝtten be thin help,
 That thou ne be nouthur bicche ne welp!
 Leve dame, if eni clerc
 Bedeth the that love werc,
 Ich rede that thou graunte his bone,
 And bi-com his lefmon sone.
 And if that thou so ne dost,
 A worse red thou ounderst."

"Loverd Crist, that me is wo,
 That the clarc me hede fro,
 Ar he me hevede bi-wonne!
 Me were levere then ani fe
 That he hevede enes leien bi me,
 And eftsones bi-gunne.
 Evermore, Nelde, ich wille be thin,
 With that thou feche me Willekin,
 The clarc of wam I telle.
 Giftes willi give the,
 That thou maiȝt ever the betere be,

Bi Godes hounne belle!"
 " Sothliche, mi swete dame,
 And if I mai withoute blame,
 Fain ich wille fonde;
 And if ich mai with him mete,
 Bi eni wei other bi strete,
 Nout me willi wende.
 Have god dai, dame! forth willi go."
 " Allegate loke that thou do so
 As ich the bad;
 Bote that thou me Wilekin bringe,
 Ne mai never lawe ne singe,
 Ne be glad."
 " I-wis, dame, if I mai,
 Ich wille bringen him ȝet to dai,
 Bi mine miȝtte."
 Hoe wente hire to hire inne,
 Her hoe founde Wilekinne,
 Bi houre Driȝtte!
 " Swete Wilekin, be thou nout dred,
 For of thin her[n]de ich have wel sped,
 Swithe com for thider with me;
 For hoe haveth send after the.
 I-wis nou maiȝt thou ben above,
 For thou havest grauntise of hire love."
 " God the for-ȝelde, leve Nelde,
 That hevene and erthe haveth to welde!"
 This modi mon bigon to gon
 With Siriz to his levemon
 In thilke stounde.
 Dame Siriz bigon to telle,
 And swor bi Godes ouene belle,
 Hoe hevede him founde.
 " Dame, so have ich Wilekin sout,
 For nou have ich him i-brout."
 " Welcome, Wilekin, swete thing,
 Thou art welcomore then the king.
 Wilekin the swete,
 Mi love I the bi-hete,
 To don al thine wille.
 Turnd ich have mi thout,
 For I ne wolde nout
 That thou the shuldest spille."
 " Dame, so ich evere bide noen,

And ich am redi and i-boen
 To don al that thou saie.
 Nelde, *par ma fai!*
 Thou most gange awai,
 Wile ich and hoe shulen plaie."
 "Goddot so I wille:
 And loke that thou hire tille,
 And strek out hire thes.
 God ȝeve the muchel hare,
 ȝeif that thou hire spare,
 The wile thou hire bes.
 And wose is onwis,
 And for non pris
 Ne con geten his levemon,
 I shal, for mi mede,
 Garen him to spede,
 For ful wel I con."

Explicit.

After the fabliau of Dame Siriz, we can scarcely point out a regular English fabliau till the time of Chaucer, who entered more than any other old English writer into the spirit of the French originals. Many of the stories in the *Canterbury Tales* are translations from French fabliaux. It is singular that a poet of so much talent as Chaucer should have written scarcely a single original poem. I owe to the friendly communication of M. Paulin Paris, of the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, the copy of the following stanzas addressed to Chaucer by his friend and contemporary, the French poet Eustache Deschamps. They furnish a curious memorial of our great poet's literary connections, and are remarkable as stating so strongly his real character of a "great translator." I have already communicated this little poem to the *Life of Chaucer* by Sir Harris Nicolas, who however has not printed it quite correctly.

BALLADE A GEOFFROI CHAUCER, PAR EUSTACHE
DESCHAMPS.

[From the Bibliothèque Royale, MS. 7219, fol. 62, r^o.]

O Socrates, plains de philosophie,
 Senèque en meurs et angles en pratique,
 Ovides grans en ta poeterie,
 Briés en parler, saiges en rethorique,
 Aigles très haultz, qui par ta theorique
 Enlumines le regne d'Eneas,

L'isle aux geans, ceulx de Bruth, et qui as
Semé les fleurs et planté le rosier
Aux ignorans de la langue Pandras ;
Grant translateur, noble Geffroy Chaucier.

Tu es d'amours mondains dieux, en Albie,
Et de la rose, en la terre angelique,
Qui d'Angels Saxonne est puis fleurie ;
Angleterre d'elle ce nom s'applique,
Le derrenier en l'ethimologique,
En bon Anglès le livre translata :
Et un vergier où du plant demandas
De ceulx qui font pour eulx auctoriser,
N'a pas long temps que tu edifias,
Grant translateur, noble Geffroy Chaucier.

A toy pour ce, de la fontaine Helye
Requier avoir un ouvrage autentique,
Dont la doys* est du tout en ta baillie,
Pour refrener d'elle ma soif ethique :
Qu'en ma Gaule serai paralitique
Jusques à ce que tu m'abuveras.
Eustace sui, qui de mon plans aras ;
Mais prens en gré les euvres d'escolier
Que, par Clifford, de moy avoir pourras,
Grant translateur, noble Gieffroi Chaucier.

L'envoy.

Poete hault, loenge destinye,
En ton jardin ne serole qu'ortie ;
Considere ce que j'ay dit premier,
Ton noble plan, ta douce melodie ;
Mais pour scavoir, de rescrire te prie,
Grant translateur, noble Geffroy Chaucier.

Eustache Deschamps intimates that Chancer's aim was to be understood by those who were ignorant of the French language, and in fact nearly all his poems are translated from the French. It has been supposed that he took some of his stories from Boccaccio, which I always doubted, and I have discovered in the following French fabliau an additional proof to the contrary. It shows also that our poet added less to the incidents of his originals than has been imagined. The collection of Boccaccio was itself chiefly compiled from older fabliaux. The subject of the following piece

* The source or fountain.

appears among the early French fabliaux under two different forms. One of these, which seems to have been that most generally known, was written by a poet named Jean de Boves and is printed in the collection of Barbazan (vol. iii. p. 238) under the title of *De Gombert et des deux clers*. The tale passed thence into the Decameron of Boccaccio, where it forms the sixth novel of the ninth day. This form of the story was frequently reproduced in the story and jest books which formed so large a class of the popular literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: and it was taken directly from Boccaccio by Lafontaine in his *conte* entitled *Le Berceau*. Tyrwhitt supposed Chaucer to have borrowed from this fabliau, or from Boccaccio, and it has been considered as an instance of the happy manner in which he added to and diversified his originals. The tale in this form was a mere licentious love adventure, utterly without moral.

The other form is only known in the fabliau now printed, and in Chaucer's tale of the Miller of Trompington, which was undoubtedly taken from it. We have here (with slight variation) the incident of the visit of the two clerks to the miller, which was supposed to have been invented by Chaucer. It is a much better story than the other, and ends so far in a moral denouement, that the treacherous over-reaching miller is signally punished at the moment when he imagines himself sure of his prey. The effect of the story was heightened by the circumstance that in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, millers were proverbial for their thievishness and cunning, and were on that account much disliked by society in general. Innumerable instances of this feeling may be gleaned from the writers of that period.

The following fabliau is, as far as I have ascertained, preserved only in the remarkable manuscript of the library of Berne, No. 354, described by M. Jubinal in his *Lettre au Directeur de l'Artiste*, Paris, 1838, where it occurs as an anonymous production, without title.

THE MILLER AND THE TWO CLERKS.

[From MS. Berne, No. 354, fol. 164, v^o.]

Dui povre clerc furent jadis,
 Né d'une vile et d'un pais;
 Conpeignon et diacre estoient
 En un boschage, o il menoient,
 O il orent esté norri,
 Tant c'uns chier tans lor i sailli,
 Con il fait moult tost et sovant;

C'est damage à la povre gent.
Li clerc virent la mesestance ;
Si en orent au cuer pesance,
Ne il ne sevent conseillier,
Car il ne sevent rien gaaignier,
N'en lor pais, n'en autre terre ;
Honte auroient de lor pain querre,
Tant por lor hordre, et tant por el.
Il n'avoient point de chatel
Don se poissent sostenir,
Ne il ne sevent où ganchir.
Un diemanche, après mangier,
Sont alé devant lo mostier ;
Iluec se sont entretrové,
Puis s'en sont de la vile alé,
Por dire un po de lor secroi.
Li uns dist à l'autre, " Antan moi ;
Nos ne nos savons consailler,
Car ne savon rien gaaignier,
Et voiz la fain qui nos destraint,
C'est une chose qui tot vaint ;
Nus ne se puet de li deffandre,
Ne nos n'avon rien nule o prendre :
As-tu nule rien porveu
Par quoi nos soions maintenu ?"
L'autre respont, " Par saint Denise,
Je ne te sai faire devise,
Mais que j'ai un mien ami,
Je lo que nos aillon vers li,
Por prendre un setier de fromant,
A la vante que l'an lo vant ;
Et il m'an querra les deniers
Moult longuemant, et volantiers,
Jusq'à la feste saint Johan,
Por nos giter de cest mal an."
Li autres a lors respondu,
" Il nos est très bien avenu ;
Car j'ai un mien frere ensemant,
Qui a une grasse jumant ;
Je la prandrai, pran lo setier,
Et si devandron bolangier ;
L'an doit tote honte endosser
Por soi de cest mal an giter."
Ensi lo font, plus n'i atant,

Au molin portent lor fromant :
 Li molins si loin lor estoit,
 Plus de .ij. liues i avoit ;
 C'estoit lo molin à choisel,
 Si seoit joste un bocheel :
 Il n'ot ilueques environ,
 Borde, ne vile, ne maison,
 Fors sol la maison au munier,
 Qui trop savoit de son mestier.
 Li clerc ont tost l'uis desfermé,
 Si ont lo sac dedanz gité :
 Après ont mis en un prael
 La jumant, joste lo choisel.
 Li uns remest por tot garder,
 L'autre ala lo munier haster,
 Que il les venist avancier ;
 Mais il s'an fu alé mucier,
 Bien ot les clers veu venir,
 Je cuit à aux voldra partir.
 Chiés lo munier en vient corant,
 La dame a trovée filant :
 " Dame," fait-il, " por saint Martin,
 O est li sires do molin ?
 Bien fust que il nos avancast."
 " Sire clers, point ne m'an pesast ;
 En ce bois lo porroiz trover,
 Se il vos i plaist à aler,
 Qui est ci joste ce molin."
 Et li clers se mest au chemin,
 Querre lo vait moult vistement.
 A son conpeignon qui l'atant
 Poise moult qu'il demore tant :
 En la maison en vient corant :
 " Dame," fait-il, " por amor Dé,
 O est mon conpeignon alé ?"
 " Sire, si aie je hanor,
 Il en vait querre mon seignor,
 Qui orandroit issi là hors."
 Ele ot bien ce mestier à mort.
 L'un des clers après l'autre envoie,
 Et li muniers aquiaut sa voie,
 Si vien au molin auramant,
 Lo sac lieve sor la jumant,
 O sa fame qui li aida,

En sa maison tot enporta :
Tant a en sa maison mucié,
Puis est au molin repairié ;
Et li clerc ont tant cheminé
Qu'il sont au molin torné :
" Munier," font-il, " Dex soit à vos,
Por amor Deu, avanciez nos."
" Seignor," fait-il, " et je de quoi ?"
" De nostre blé qu'est ci, par foi."
Qant durent prandre lo fromant,
Ne trovent ne sac ne jumant.
Lun d'ax a l'autre regardé :
" Q'est-ice ? somes-nos robé ?"
" Oil," fait ce l'uns, " ce m'est vis :
Pechiez nos a à essil mis."
Chacuns escrie, " Halas ! halas !
Secorez nos, saint Nicolas !"
Fait li muniers, " Qu'est-ce c'avez ?
Por quoi si duremant criez ?"
" Munier, jà avon tot perdu ;
Malemant nos est avenu,
Car n'avon ne jumant ne el.
Tot i estoit nostre chatel."
" Seignor," fait-il, " n'en sai noiant."
" Sire," font-il, " ne vos apant
Fors tant que de nos asener
Quel part nos poissiens aler
Querre et tracier nostre damage."
" Seignor," fait-il, " en cest bochage :
Ne vos sai-je pas conseilhier ;
Mais en cel bois alez cerchier,
Qui ci est joste cest molin."
Li clerc se mestent au chemin,
Maintenant sont el bois entré,
Et li muniers s'an est alé.
Li uns clers à l'autre parla :
" Certes," font-il, " voir dit i a,
Fox est qui en vain se travaille ;
Avoir vient et va come paille,
Alons nos hui mais herbergier."
" Nos ? en quel leu ?" " Chiés lo munier,
O nos alon en cel molin,
Dex nos doint l'ostel saint Martin !"
Errant vindrent chiés lo munier ;

Lor venir n'avoit-il point chier,
Ainz lor demande anes lo pas :
" Que vos a fait saint Nicolas ? "
" Munier," font-il, " ne un ne el."
" Or gaaigniez autre chatel,
Car de cest estes vos trop loin.
Ne l'auroiz pas à cest besoing."
" Munier," font-il, " ce puet bien estre :
Herbergiez nos, por saint Servestre,
Ne savon mais hui o aler."
Et li muniers prant à panser,
Or seroit-il pires que chiens,
S'il ne lor faisoit aucun bien
Del lor, car il lo puet bien faire.
" Seignor," fait-il, " ni fors l'aire,
Ice auroiz, se plus n'avez."
" Munier," font-il, " ce est assez."
Li vilains n'ot pas grant cointie,
Il n'ot que soi cart de maisnie,
Sa file, q'an doit metre avant,
Sa fame, et un petit enfant.
La fille estoit et bele et cointe,
Et li muniers, qu'el ne fust pointe,
En une huche la metoit,
Chascune nuit, o el gisoit,
Et l'anfermoit par desus,
Et li bailloit, par un pertius,
La clef, et puis s'aloit cochier.
A noz clers devons repairier :
La nuit, quant ce vint au soper,
Li muniers lor fait apporter
Pain et lait, et eves, et fromage ;
C'est la viande del bochage.
Aus .ij. clers assez en dona ;
L'um o la pucele manja,
L'autre o la dame et lo munier.
En l'artre ot un petit andier,
O il avoit un anelet,
Que l'an oste sovant et met.
Cil q'o la pucele manja
De l'andier l'anelet osta ;
Bien l'a et repost et mucié.
La nuit quant il furent cochié,
Li clers de li grant garde prist ;

Bien vit que li muniers li fist ;
Con en la huche la bouta,
Et par dedesus l'anferma ;
Con il li a la clef bailliée,
Par un pertuis li a lanciée.
Quant il furent aseuré
Il a son compaignon bouté :
" Compainz ", fait-il, " je voil aler
A la fille au munier parler,
Qui est en la huche enfermée."
" Viax-tu, " fait-il " faire mellée,
Et estormir ceste maison ?
Verité est, tu ies bricon,
Tost nos en porroit mal venir."
" Je ne voldroie por morir,
Que je n'aille à li savoir
S'el me porroit de rien valoir."
A la huche vient erraument,
Un petit grate, et el l'antant :
" Q'est-ce, " fait-ele, " là defors ? "
" C'est celui qui por vostre cors
Est si destroiz et mal bailli,
Se vos n'avez de lui merci,
Jamais nul jor joie n'aura.
C'est celui qui o vos manja,
Qui vos aporte un enel d'or,
Onques n'austes tel tresor ;
Bien est esprové et sau
Que la pierre en a tel vertu,
Que ja fame, tant soit legere,
Ne tant par ait esté corsiere ;
Qui chaste et pucele ne soit,
S'au matin en son doi l'avoit.
Tenez, ge l' vos en fas present."
Errant cele la clef li tant,
Et il desferme errant la huche,
Dedanz se met, ele s'acluche ;
Or puent faire lor deduit,
Car ne trovent qui lor anuit.
La fame o munier, ainz lo jor
Se leva d'enprés son seignor ;
Tote nue vait en la cort.
Par devant lo lit trescort
Au clerc, qui en l'aire gisoit.

Li clers au trespasser la voit ;
 Quant il la vit, si l'esgarda,
 De son compaignon li manbra,
 Qui en la huche fait ses buens,
 Moult convoite faire les suens ;
 Pansa que il la decevroit
 Au revenir, se il pooit :
 Puis repansoit no feroit mie,
 Tost en porroit sordre folie.
 Un autre angin li est creuz :
 S'anprès est de son lit chaux,
 A l'autre lit s'an va tot droit,
 Là o li muniers se gisoit,
 L'anfant à tot lo briez aporte,
 Et quant la dame entre en la porte
 Li clers tire à l'anfant l'oroille,
 Et l'enfès crie, si s'esvoille :
 Cele ala à son lit tot droit
 Quant ele oit o cil estoit ;
 Puis est erraumant retournée ;
 Au cri de l'anfant est alée ;
 Lo briez trove don s'aseure,
 Puis solieve la couverture,
 De joste lo clerc s'est cochiée,
 Et cil l'a estroit enbraciée ;
 Vers soi la trait, formant l'acole,
 A son deduit tote l'afole ;
 Si sofre tot, si se mervoille.
 Et l'autres clers si s'aparoille,
 Quant il oit lo coc chanter ;
 Car il cuidoit trop demorer.
 De la huche s'an est issuz,
 Puis est droit à son lit venuz,
 Lo briez trove, si s'esbaist ;
 N'est pas mervoille s'il lo fist.
 Il ot peor, et ne porquant
 Un petit est alez avant,
 Et quant .ij. testes a trovées,
 Erraumant les a refusées.
 A l'autre lit, o se gisoit
 Li muniers, s'an va cil tot droit ;
 De joste li s'estoit cochiez,
 Ne s'est pas encor esveilliez,
 Ne ne s'est mie aparceuz.



" Conpainz," fait li clers, " que fais-tu ?
 Qui tozjorz se tait rien ne valt ;
 Or sai-je bien, se Dex me salt,
 Que j'ai eu boene nuitiée.
 Moult est la pucele envoisiée,
 La fille à cest nostre munier,
 Moult par si fait mal anvoisier,
 Et si fait trop bon foutre en huche.
 Conpeignon, car va, si t'i muce,
 Et si pran do bacon ta part ;
 Assez en a jusq'à la hart ;
 Par .vij. foiz l'ai anuit corbée,
 Des or sera boene l'asnée,
 El n'a fors l'anel de l'andier ;
 Si ai je bien fait mon mestier."
 Qant li muniers entant la bole,
 Tantost prant lo clerc par la gole ;
 Et li clers lui qui s'aperçoit,
 Tantost le met en si mal ploît
 A po li fait lo cuer crier.
 Et la dame aquialt à boter
 L'autre clerc, qui o lui gisoit.
 " Sire," fait-ele, " ce que doit
 Serviex, car nos levon tost sus,
 Jà s'estranglent cil clerc laissus."
 " Ne te chaut," fait-il, " lor ester,
 Lai les musarz entretuer."
 Il savoit bien, si n'ot pas tort,
 Que ses conpainz ere plus fors.
 Qant li muniers pot eschaper,
 Tantost cort lo feu alumer ;
 Et qant il sa fame aparçoit,
 Qui avoc lo clerc se gisoit :
 " Or sus," fait-il, " pute provée,
 Qui vos a ici amenée ?
 Certes il est de vos tot fait."
 " Sire," fait-ele. " autremant vait,
 Car se je suis pute provée,
 Par engin i sui atornée ;
 Mais vos estes larron prové,
 Qui en cez clers avez emblé
 Lor sac de blé et lor jumant,
 Don vos seroiz levez au vant.
 Tot est en vostre granche mis."

Li dui clerç ont lo vilain pris,
 Tant l'ont folé et debatu,
 Par po qu'il ne l'ont tot nolu,
 Puis vont modre à autre molin.
 Il orent l'ostel saint Martin,
 Et ont tant lor mestier mené
 Q'il se sont do mal an gité.

For the purpose of facilitating comparison, I give here Chaucer's version of this story, and I take the occasion of saying a word or two on the text of our great national poet. It is truly to be lamented that a text of Chaucer so utterly corrupt as that of Tyrwhitt should continue to be reprinted. Tyrwhitt fell into the error of attempting to *make up* a text of an author, when he was totally ignorant of the grammatical construction of his language, and equally incompetent to appreciate the comparative value of the manuscripts. The consequence is that there is not perhaps a single line in Tyrwhitt's edition of the *Canterbury Tales* which Chaucer could possibly have written. The very worst manuscript in existence contains a better text, because it is at least grammatically correct for the time in which it was written, whereas in Tyrwhitt all grammar is set at defiance. As an instance of this I will merely state that in the preterites of what the modern Teutonic philologists term the strong verbs, Tyrwhitt has invariably placed a verb in the plural with a noun in the singular. Instances of this (in the verbs *to bear*, sing. bar, pl. bare; *to come*, s. cam, pl. come; *to swear*, s. swor, pl. swore; *to give*, s. gaf, pl. gave; *to speak*, s. spak, pl. spake, spoke; *to rise*, s. ros, pl. rose; *to take*, s. took, pl. toke, &c.) occur in almost every line. In the verb *to set*, whose pret. s. and pl. was sette, he has substituted set, a form which did not exist; and in the same manner in the verb *to creep*, he has given pret. a. crept, when the forms were, s. creep, crope, pl. crope. In a similar manner Tyrwhitt has in most cases substituted the plural of adjectives for the singular, and the inflected cases of nouns for the nominative, besides an infinity of errors in the forms of the language. I will only add that the *Essay on the Versification of Chaucer* which accompanies Tyrwhitt's edition is a mass of confusion. Of course we ought to make great allowances for the low state of this branch of philology in Tyrwhitt's time; but I feel the necessity of speaking plainly of the character of his text of Chaucer, because it is still too generally received as a correct one.

It is not, however, my intention on the present occasion to enter further into this subject. I have merely printed the following text from what appears to me by comparison to be the best manuscript in

the British Museum (MS. Harl. No. 7334). In the notes I have given some of the principal variations of Tyrwhitt's text: and I have also collated it with two other manuscripts in the British Museum, MS. Lansdowne, No. 861 (a) and MS. Harl. No. 1758 (b). In almost every one of these variations, Tyrwhitt is wrong.

THE MILLER OF TRUMPINGTON.

[From MS. Harl. No. 7334, fol. 52, v^o.]

The Reeves Tale.

At Trompyngtoun nat fer fro Cantebrigge,
 Ther goth a brook, and over that a brigge;
 Upon the whiche brook ther stant a melle:
 And this is verray soth that I ȝou telle.
 A meller was ther dwellyng many a day,
 As eny pecok he was proud and gay;
 Pipen he coude, and fissehe, and nettys beete,
 And turne cuppes, wrastle wel, and scheete.
 Ay by his belt he bar a long panade,
 10 And of a swerd ful trenchaunt was the blade;
 A joly popper bar he in his pouche;
 Ther was no man for perel durst him touche.
 A Scheffeld thwitel bar he in his hose.
 Round was his face, and camois was his nose;
 As pyled as an ape was his skulle.
 He was a market beter at the fulle.
 Ther durste no wight hand upon him legge,
 That he ne swor anon he schuld abegge.

4. *sothe*, Tyr. 6. *peacock*, Tyr. which is a mere modern orthography. *proude*, Tyr., a, b. 9. *bare*, Tyr. a. b. Tyrwhitt reads *panade*, I think wrongly.—In old French a *panart* was a kind of two-edged knife (see the word in Roquefort), which signification agrees very well with the passage in Chaucer. 11. *bare*, Tyr. Tyrwhitt has here a strange note that a *popper* is a "fitter name" for a pistol. He seems to have overlooked the circumstance that a little further on (l. 40) this "joly popper" is identified with a *boydekin*, or *bodekin*. This word signifies a dagger. Our author in another place, speaking of the murder of Julius Cæsar, Cant. T. 1469, says,—

And cast the place in which he shulde die,
 With hodekins, as I shal you devise.

13. *bare*, Tyr. 15, 16. *skull*, *full*, Tyr. a double *l*. (as well as the grammatical construction in the present case) requires a final *e*. 18. *swore he shuld anon abegge*. Tyr.

- 20 A theef he was for soth of corn and mele,
 And that a sleigh and usyng for to stele.
 His name was hoote deynous Symekyn;
 A wyf he hadde come of noble kyn;
 The persoun of the toun hir fader was,
 With hire he ȝaf ful many a panne of bras,
 For that Symkyn schuld in his blood allye.
 Sche was i-fostryd in a nonnerye;
 For Symkyn wolde no wyf, as he sayde,
 But sche were wel i-norissched and a mayde,
 To saven his estaat and ȝomanrye.
 30 And sche was proud and pert as is a pye.
 A ful fair sighte was ther on hem two;
 On haly dayes before hir wolde he go,
 With his typet y-bounde aboute his heed;
 And sche cam aftir in a gyte of reed,
 And Symkyn hadde hosen of the same.
 Ther durste no wight clepe hir but *madame*;
 Was noon so hardy walkyng by the weye,
 That with hir dorste rage, or elles pleye,
 But if he wold be slayn of Symekyn,
 40 With panade, or with knyf, or boydekyn;
 For gelous folk ben perilous everemo,
 Algate they wolde here wyves wende so.
 And eek for sche was somdel smoterlich,

19. *theſe*, Tyr. 20. *usant*, Tyr. a, b, probably a better reading than the one in the text. 23. *hire*, Tyr. 31. *faire sight*, Tyr. a. 32. *hire wold*, Tyr. 33. *about*, Tyr. The *e* is necessary—it is the a. s. *abutan*. 34. *came*, Tyr. 36. *clepen hire but dame*, Tyr. Although *a* and *b* agree in this reading, I am inclined to prefer that in the text. The final *e* in *clepe* is elided before the *h* of the following word. It is an invariable rule in early English verse that the final *e* is not sounded before a pure vowel or a vowel preceded by the aspirate *h*. At the commencement of the *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer, speaking of the nun, who also prided herself upon her gentility, says, (Cant. T. l. 378),

It is ful fayre to hen y-cleped *madame*,
 And for to gon to vigiles al before,
 And have a mantel reallich y-hore.

38. *hire*, Tyr. To *rage* is to romp, or play wantonly.

— on a day this hendy Nicholas

Fel with this yonge wif to *rage* and *pley*. Cant. T. 3272.

It is observed of the friar, (Cant. T. 259),—

And *rage* he coude, as it hadde hen a whelp.

41. *evermo*, Tyr.

42. *wold hir*, Tyr.

- Sche was as deyne as water in a dich,
 As ful of hokir and of bissemare;
 Hir thoughte ladyes oughten hir to spare,
 What for hir kynreed, and hir nortelrye
 That sche had lerned in the nonnerye.
 O douȝter hadden they betwix hem two,
 50 Of xx.ⁱⁱ ȝeer, withouten eny mo,
 Savyng a child that was of half ȝer age,
 In cradil lay, and was a proper page.
 This wenche thikke and wel i-grown was,
 With camoys nose, and eyzen gray as glas,
 And buttokkes brode, and brestes round and hye;
 But right fair was hir heer, I wol nat lye.
 The persoun of the toun, for sche was feir,
 In purpos was to maken hir his heir,
 Bothe of his catel and his mesuage,
 60 And straunge made it of hir mariage.
 His purpos was to bystow hir hye
 Into som worthy blood of ancetrye;
 For holy chirche good moot be despendid
 On holy chirche blood that is descendid,
 Therfore he wolde his joly blood honoure,
 Though that he schulde holy chirche devoure.
 Gret soken had this meller, out of doute,
 With whete and malt, of al the lond aboute;
 And namely ther was a gret collegge,
 70 Men clepe it the Soler halle of Cantebregge,

44. *digne*, Tyr. 45. This reading appears to me to be much superior to that of Tyrwhitt, "And al so ful of hoker and of hismare."
 46. *hire*, Tyr. bis. 47. *hire*, Tyr. bis. 50. *gere*, Tyr. 51. *gere*, Tyr.
 52. *in cradle it lay* . . . *proper*, Tyr. 54. Grey appears to have been the favourite colour of eyes in Chaucer's time. He says of the nun, (Cant. T. 152.)—"Hir nose tretis, hire eyen grey as glas." 56. *faire*, Tyr. *hire here*, Tyr. 57. *feire*, Tyr. 58. *hire his haire*, Tyr.
 59. *both*, Tyr. the adjective form instead of the adverbial form.
 60. *hire*, Tyr. 63. *mote*, Tyr. *mot*, a. 65. *holy blood*, Tyr. a, b.
 68. *all*, Tyr.; the correct forms are sing. *al*, pl. *alle*. I believe that *ll* was never used at the end of a word at this period without a final vowel, except by some very ignorant scribe, although Tyrwhitt uses it so constantly. 70. There was a tradition in the University at least as early as the time of Caius, and it may perhaps be correct, that the college alluded to by Chaucer was Clare Hall. See Caius, Hist. Acad. p. 57, and Fuller's Hist. of the Univ. of Camb. ed. 1840, p. 86. Tyrwhitt's note on this passage contains several inaccuracies.

- Ther was here whete and eek here malt i-grounde.
 And on a day it happed on a stounde,
 Syk lay the mauncyple on a maledye,
 Men wenden wisly that he schulde dye ;
 For which this meller stal bothe mele and corn
 A thousand part more than byforn ;
 For ther-biforn he stal but curteysly,
 But now he is a theef outrageously.
 For which the wardeyn chidde and made fare ;
 80 But therof sette the meller not a tare,
 He crakked boost, and swor it was nat so.
 Thanne weren there poore scoleres tuo,
 That dwelten in the halle of which I seye ;
 Testyf they were and lusty for to pleye,
 And, oonly for here mirthe and revelrye,
 Uppon the wardeyn bysily they crye
 To ȝeve hem leve but a litel stounde
 To go to melle and see here corn i-grounde,
 And hardily they dursten ley here nekke
 90 The meller schuld nat stel[e] hem half a pekke
 Of corn by sleighte, ne by force hem reve,
 And atte last the wardeyn ȝaf hem leve.
 Johan hight that oon, and Alayn hight that other ;
 Of o toun were they born that highte Strothir,
 Fer in the north, I can nat telle where.
 This Aleyn maketh redy al his gere,
 An on an hors the sak he cast anoon ;
 Forth goth Aleyn the clerk, and also Jon,
 With good swerd and with bocler by her side.
 100 Johan knew the way, that hem needith no gyde ;

71. *hir*, Tyr. *his*. *y-ground*, *stound*, Tyr. 73. *sike*, Tyr. 75. *stale*
both, Tyr. 80. *set*, Tyr. 81. *swore*, Tyr. 82. *Than were ther*
yonge poure, Tyr. *yonge* *sc. a, b*. Tyrwhitt appears to have been so
 undecided which reading was best, *yonge* or *porre*, that he inserted
 both. 85. *hir*, Tyr. *et passim*. 92. *yave*, Tyr. 93. *John highte*,
 Tyr. The correct form of this name was Johan, the *a* being generally
 indicated by a dash on the upper limb of the *h*. In the manuscript
 from which the text is here printed the contraction is sometimes
 written Johⁿ, as at line 164, below. *John* is a more modern or-
 thography. In our text, where the name was required to be a
 monosyllable (see ll. 98, 124, 171, 240, 278,) it is spelt *Jon*, probably
 an abbreviation of familiarity, as *Toun*, and the like. 100. *Aim*
needed not no guyde, Tyr.

And at the mylle the sak a-doun he layth.
 Alayn spak first, "Al heil! Symond, in faith,
 How fares thy faire doughter and thy wyf?"
 "Aleyn, welcome!" quod Symond, "by my lyf;
 And Johan also, how now? what do ȝe heere?"
 "By God!" quod Johan, "Symond, neede has na
 peere:

Him falles serve himself that has na swayn,
 Or elles he is a fon, as clerkes sayn.

- Oure mancyples, as I hope, wil be deed,
 110 Swa werkes ay the wanges in his heed;
 And therfore I is come, and eek Aleyn,
 To grynde oure corn, and carie it ham ageyn.
 I prey ȝou speed us in al that ȝe may."
 "It schal be doon," quod Symkyn, "by my fay!
 What wol ȝe do whil that it is in hande?"
 "By God! right by the hoper wol I stande,"
 Quod Johan, "and se how that the corn gas inne;
 ȝet sawh I never, by my fader kynne,
 How that the hoper waggis to and fra."
 120 Aleyn answerde, "Johan, and wiltow swa?
 Than wol I be bynethe, by my croun!

102. *spake*, Tyr. 107. *behoves*. Tyr. 109. *our*, Tyr. *I hope he wol be ded*, Tyr. 112 *To grind our corn and cary it hame*, Tyr. The infinitive of verbs must have the final *e*, or the more perfect form *en*: *grind*, and *cary* are totally inadmissible. 115. *hand*, *stand*, Tyr. here again *stand* is not admissible as the infinitive of the verb; and *hand* is equally incorrect in the objective case of the noun. 117. *in*, Tyr. *in* is the preposition, but where used adverbially without a following noun it must be *inne*, the A. S. *innan*. The recently published part of the *Archæologia*, vol. xxx, p. 352, furnishes an instance of the necessity of editors of old texts understanding the grammar of the language. Two lines, which stood in the MS. thus,—

And quan it is al cler and bryth,
 With wolles late it be don *ther-inne*,

are corrected thus, to preserve the rhyme,—

And quan it is al bryth and cler,
 Witb wolles late it be don *inne ther*.

ther-inne is necessarily the right reading; otherwise it would be *in there*, and I do not think this phrase is ever used for *ther-inne*: *bryth* is an error of the scribe for some word like *thinne*. 118. *kin*, Tyr. *kyn*, is the nominat., *kynne*, the objective form of the noun. 119. *answered* . . . *wolt thow*, Tyr. Tyrwhitt has a very erroneous note on the word *answered*.

- And se how that the mele fallys down
 Into the trough, that schal be my desport ;
 For, Jon, in faith, I may be of ȝour sort,
 I is as ille a meller as ere ȝe."
 This mellere smyleth for here nyceté,
 And thought, " Al this is doon but for a wyle ;
 They wenen that no man may hem bigile.
 But, by my thrift, ȝet schal I blere here ye,
 130 For al here sleight and al here philosophie ;
 The more queynte knakkes that they make,
 The more wol I stele whan I take ;
 In stede of mele ȝet wol I ȝeve hem bren.
 The grettest clerkes beth not wisest men,
 As whilom to the wolf thus spak the mare ;
 Of al her art ne counte I nat a tare."
 Out at the dore he goth ful pryvly,
 Whan that he saugh his tyme sotlyly ;
 He loketh up and down, til he hath founde
 140 The clerkes hors ther as it stood i-bounde
 Behynde the mylle under a levesel,
 And to the hors he goth him faire and wel.
 He strepeth of the bridel right anoon ;
 And whan the hors was loos, he gan to goon
 Toward the fen there wilde mares renne,
 For[th] with ' we-he ! ' thurgh thikke and eek thurgh
 thenne.
 This meller goth agayn, and no word seyde,
 But doth his note, and with the clerkes pleyde,

122. *adoun*, Tyr. 125. *ill...is*, Tyr. 126. *miller*, Tyr. 130.
For al the sleighte in hir philosophie, Tyr. a. b. 135. *spake*, Tyr.
 Tyrwhitt has gone far out of his way to explain the allusion in
 this line. The fable of the Wolf and the Mare is found in the
 Latin Esopean collections, and in the early French poem of Renard
 le Contrefait, from whence it appears to have been taken into the
 English Reynard the Fox. In Renard le Contrefait, the wolf utters a
 similar sentiment (though differently expressed) to that in Chaucer—

Or voi-ge bien tout en apert
 Que clergie bien sa saison pert ;
 Aucunes foiz vilain queaignent
 Ea leus où le clerc se mehaignent.

Ge ne fis mie grant savoir,
 Quant ge vouloie clers devenir.

138. *softely*, Tyr. 141. *behind*, Tyr. 145. *ther*, Tyr. 146. *thick*,
 Tyr. 147,8, *said*, *plaid*, Tyr.

- Til that her corn was fair and wel i-grounde.
 150 And whan the mele was sakked and i-bounde,
 This Johan goth out and fynt his hors away,
 And gan to crye, "Harrow and weylaway!
 Oure hors is lost! Aleyn, for Goddes banes!
 Step on thy feet, cum on, man, al at anes.
 Aleyn, 3our wardeyn hath his palfray lorn!"
 This Aleyn al forgeteth mele and corn,
 Al was out of his mynd his housbondrye;
 "What wikked way is he gan?" gan he crye.
 The wyf cam lepyng in-ward with a ren,
 160 Sche seyde, "Allas! 3our hors goth to the fen
 With wylde mares, as fast as he may go:
 Unthank come on his heed that band him so,
 And he that bettir schuld han knyht the reyne!"
 "Allas!" quod Johan, "Aleyn, for Cristes peyne!
 Leg down thi swerd, and I sal myn alswa;
 I is ful wight, God wat, as is a ra,
 By Goddes, hart! he sal nat scape us bathe.
 Why nad thou put the capil in the lathe?
 Il hail, Aleyn, by God! thou is a fon!"
 170 This sely clerkes speeden hem anoon
 Toward the fen, bothe Aleyn and eek Jon.
 And whan the myller sawh that they were gon,
 He half a busshel of the flour hath take,
 And bad his wyf go knede it in a cake.
 He seyde, "I trowe the clerkes ben aferd!
 3et can a meller make a clerkes berd,
 For al his art; 3e, lat hem go here way!
 Lo wher they goon! 3e, lat the children play;
 They get hym nat so lightly, by my croun!"
 180 This seely clerkes ronnen up and down,

153. *our*, Tyr. 155. *our*, Tyr. a, b. probably the more correct reading. 156. *forgot both*, Tyr. 159. *came*, Tyr. 160. *youre*, Tyr. the plural form instead of the singular. 163, 4. *rein*, *pein*, Tyr. 164. *Johan*, MS. 166. *wate*, Tyr. 170. *hanful fast y-ronne*, Tyr. 176. The Wife of Bath says, (Cant. T. 5940.)—

Though thou pray Argus with his hundred eyen,
 To be my wardecorps, as he can best,
 In faith he shal not kepe me but me lest:
 Yet coude I make his berd, so mote I the!

This proverbial phrase was taken from the French, *faire la barbe à quelqu'un*.

- With "keep! keep! stand! stand! jossa, ware derere!
 Ga wightly thou, and I sal keep[e] him heere."
 But schortly til that it was verray night,
 They cowde nat, though they did al here might,
 Here capil cacche, it ran away so fast,
 Til in a diche they caught him atte last.
 Wery and wete as bestys in the reyn,
 Comth sely Johan, and with him comth Aleyn.
 "Alas!" quod Johan, "that day that I was born!
 190 Now are we dryve tel hethyng and to scorn.
 Oure corn is stole, men woln us foles calle,
 Bathe the wardeyn and eek our felaws alle,
 And namely the myller, weyloway!"
 Thus pleyneth Johan, as he goth by the way
 Toward the mylle, and Bayard in his hand.
 The myller sitting by the fyr he fand;
 For it was night, and forther might they nouȝt,
 But for the love of God they him bisought
 As herberwh and of ese as for her peny.
 200 The myller sayd agayn, "If ther be eny,
 Swich as it is ȝit schul ȝe have ȝour part.
 Myn hous is streyt, but ȝe han lerned art;
 ȝe conne by argumentes make a place
 A myle brood of twenty foote of space:
 Let se now if this place may suffyse,
 Or make it rom with speche, as is ȝour gyse."
 "Now Symond," seyde this Johan, "by seynt
 Cuthberd!
 Ay is thou mery, and that is fair answerd.
 I have herd say men suld take of twa thinges,
 210 Slik as he fynt, or tak slik as he bringes;
 But specially I pray the, host ful deere,
 Get us som mete and drynk, and mak us cheere,

182. *Ga whistle*, Tyr., a, h. I think an inferior reading to that of our text—one clerk tells his companion to go nimbly after the horse, while he remains to stop him on the other side. 185. *catch*, Tyr. a modern orthography, quite inadmissible in Chaucer's time, when the infinitive was *cacchen* and *cacche*. 191. *wol*, Tyr. singular for plural. 192. *both*, Tyr. 202. *have*, Tyr. 203. *can*, Tyr. *argumentes maken*, Tyr. These readings destroy the meter and grammar, *conne* is the pl. *can* the sing. *argumentes* is a word of four syllables. The final vowel of the infinitive *make* is elided before the following *a*. 211. *hoste dere*, Tyr.

- And we wol paye trewly at the fulle :
 With empty hand men may na hawkes tulle.
 Io heer our silver redy for to spende."
 This meller into toun his doughter sende
 For ale and breed, and rosted hem a goos,
 And band her hors he schold no more go loos,
 And in his owne chambir hem made a bed
 220 With schetys and with chalouns fair i-spred,
 Nat from his owen bed ten foot or twelve ;
 His doughter had a bed al by hir selve
 Right in the same chambre by and by ;
 Hit mighte be no bet, and cause why,
 Ther was no rommer herberw in the place.
 They sowpen and they speke hem to solace,
 And dronken ever strong ale atte beste ;
 Aboute mydnyght wente they to reste.
 Wel hath the myller vernysshed his heed ;
 230 Ful pale he was, for-dronken, and nat reed,
 He joxeth, and he speketh thurgh the nose,
 As he were on the quakke or on the pose.
 To bed he goth, and with him goth his wyf,
 As eny jay sche light was and jolyf,
 So was his joly whistel wel y-wet ;
 The cradil at hire beddes feet is set,
 To rokken and to jive the child to souke.
 And whan that dronken was al in the crouke,
 To bedde went the douȝter right anon ;
 240 To bedde goth Aleyn, and also Jon,
 Ther nas no more, him needed no dwale.
 This meller hath so wysly bibbed ale,
 That as an hors he snortith in his sleep,
 Ne of his tayl bihynd took he no keep ;
 His wyf [bare him a] burdoun, a ful strong,
 Men might her rowtyng heeren a forlong ;
 The wenche routeth eek *par companye*.
 Aleyn the clerk, that herd this melodye,

213,14, *full, tull*, Tyr. 214. In another place this proverb is given somewhat differently,—

With empty bond men may no hawkes lure.—Cant. T. 5997.

216. *to the toun*, Tyr. The more correct phrase is that in the text—the miller had not to send to a town at a distance, but into the town or village at which he was residing. 219. *owen*, Tyr. 226. *speken of solace*, Tyr. 235. *hire*, Tyr. a. 245. The words in brackets have been omitted in the MS. Harl. 7334, by an oversight of the scribe.

- He pokyd Johan, and seyde, "Slepistow ?
 250 Herdistow ever slik a sang er now ?
 Lo, slik a conplyng is betwix hem alle,
 A wilde fyr upon thair bodyes falle !
 Wha herkned ever swilk a ferly thing ?
 3e, thei sul have the flour of ille endyng !
 This lange night ther tydes me na rest.
 But zet na fors, al sal be for the best,
 For, Johan" sayd he, "as ever mot I thryve,
 If that I may, 3one wenche sal I swyve.
 Som esement hath lawe schapen us ;
 260 For, Johan, ther is a lawe that says thus,
 That if a man in a poynt be agreved,
 That in another he sal be releved.
 Oure corn is stoln, sothly, it is na nay,
 And we have had an ylle fitt to day ;
 And syn I sal have nan amendement,
 Agayn my los I wol have esement.
 By Godde sale ! it sal nan other be."
 This Johan answerd, "Aleyn, avyse the :
 This miller is a perlous man," he sayde,
 270 " And if that he out of his sleep abrayde,
 He mighte do us bothe a vilonye."
 Aleyn answerd " I count it nat a flye."
 And up he roos, and by the wenche crepte ;
 This wenche lay upright, and faste slepte
 Til he so neih was or sche might aspye,
 That it had ben to late for to crye.
 And schortly for to seye, they weren at oon :
 Now play, Aleyn, for I wol speke of Jon.
 This Johan lith stille a forlong whyle or two,
 280 And to himself compleyned of his woo.
 " Allas !" quod he, " this is a wikked jape :
 Now may I say that I am but an ape.
 3et hath my felaw somewhat for his harm,
 He hath the myllers doughter in his arm ;
 He aunted him, and has his needes sped,

249,50. *slepest thou, herdest thou*, Tyr. 251. *Lo whilke a complin is y-mell hem alle*, Tyr. *Lo swilke a compline es betuene*, a. *Swilke a conplyng is betwixt*, b. 261. ¶ Qui in uno gravatur, in alio debet relevari. *Marginal note in MS. Harl. 7334.* 263. *stolne*, Tyr. 268. *answered*, Tyr. 273. *rist*, Tyr. b. *reste*, a. 277. *sey . . were*, Tyr. *seyn*, b. 280. *he maketh routh and wo*, Tyr. a. b.

- And I lye as a draf sak in my bed ;
 And when this jape is tald another day,
 I sal be hald a daf, a cokenay.
 Unhardy is unsely, as men saith :
- 290 I wil arise, and aunte it, in good faith."
 And up he ros, and softely he wente
 Unto the cradil, and in his hand it hente,
 And bar it softe unto his beddis feet.
 Soone after this the wyf hir routyng leet,
 And gan awake, and went hir for to pisse,
 And cam agayn and gan hir cradel mysse,
 And groped heer and ther, but sche fond noon.
 " Allas !" quod sche, " I had almost mys-goon ;
 I had almost goon to the clerkes bed,
- 300 Ey benedicite ! than had I foule i-sped ! "
 And forth sche goth til sche the cradil fand.
 Sche gropith alway forther with hir hand,
 And fand the bed, and thoughte nat but good,
 By cause that the cradil by hit stood,
 Nat knowyng wher sche was, for it was derk ;
 But fair and wel sche creep in to the clerk,
 And lith ful stille, and wolde han caught a sleep.
 Withinne a while Johan the clerk up leep,
 And on this goode wyf leyth on ful sore ;
- 310 So mery a fytt ne hadd sche nat ful zore,
 He priketh harde and deepe, as he were mad.
 This joly lyf han this twey clerkes had,
 Til that the thridde cok bygan to synge.
 Aleyn wax wery in the dawenyng,
 For he had swonken al the longe night,
 And seyde, " Far-wel, Malyn, my sweete wight !
 The day is come, I may no lenger byde,
 But evermo, wher so I go or ryde,
 I am thin owen clerk, so have I seel ! "

288. *halden a daffe or a cokenay*, Tyr. Tyrwhitt's explanation of the word *cokenay* is certainly erroneous. See the glossary to my edition of *Piers Ploughman*, *sub. v.* 292. *rose*, Tyr. 293. *bare*, Tyr. 296. *came*, Tyr. All these are plural forms instead of singular. 306. *crept*, Tyr. *crepe*, a. b. 307. *still*, Tyr. 308. *lepe*, Tyr, a, b. 311, *hard*, Tyr. the adjective instead of the adverb. *harde* and *deepe*, is *hardly* and *deeply*. 313. *sing*, Tyr. 319. *hele*, Tyr. *seel* signifies good fortune, as in the proverb cited above, l. 289, *unhardy is unsely*, he who wants courage will be unfortunate, equivalent to the more modern proverb, *Faint heart never wan fair lady*.

- 320 "Now, deere lemman," quod sche, "go, far-wel!
 But or thou go, o thing I wol the telle:
 Whan that thou wendist hom-ward by the melle,
 Right at the entré of the dore byhynde
 Thou schalt a cake of half a busschel fynde,
 That was i-maked of thyn owen mele,
 Which that I hilp myn owen self to stele.
 And, goode lemman, God the save and kepe!"
 And with that word almost sche gan to weepe.
 Aleyn uprist, and thought, "Er that it dawē
 330 I wol go crepen in by my felawe,"
 And fand the cradil with his hand anon.
 "By God!" thought he, "al wrong I have i-noon;
 My heed is toty of my swynk to-nyght,
 That makes me that I ga nouȝt aright.
 I wot wel hy the cradel I have mysȝo;
 Heer lith the myller and his wyf also."
 Forth he goth in twenty devel way
 Unto the bed ther as the miller lay.
 He wende have crope by his felaw Jon,
 340 And by the myller in he creep anon,
 And caught him by the nekke, and soft he spak,
 And seyde, "Jon, thou swyneshed, awak,
 For Cristes sowle! and here a noble game;
 For, by that lord that cleped is seynt Jame,
 As I have thries in this schorte night
 Swyved the myllers douȝter bolt upright,
 Whiles thou hast as a coward ben agast."
 "Ȝe, false harlot," quod this mellere, "hast?
 A! false traitour, false clerk!" quod he,
 350 "Thou schalt be deed, by Goddes dignité!
 Who durste be so bold to disparage
 My doughter, that is come of hih lynage?"
 And by the throte bolle he caught Aleyn;
 And he hent him dispitously ageyn,
 And on the nose he smot him with his fest,

321,2. *tell, mell*, Tyr. 323,4. *behind, find*, Tyr. 329. *daw*, Tyr.
 340. *crept*, Tyr. *crope*, a. *crepe*, b. 341. *and gan him strake*, Tyr.
 345. *short*, Tyr. 355. *smote*, Tyr. a. In the latter it is perhaps an
 error of the scribe, for *smote* is more properly the plural. It may be
 observed here that the most frequent faults of the old scribes were
 the omission of a final *e* where it should appear, and the addition of
 one incorrectly, before a following word beginning with a vowel or
 an *h*, in which case the final *e* was not pronounced.

- Doun rad the bloody streem upon his brest,
 And in the floor with nose and mouth to-broke
 They walweden as pigges in a poke ;
 And up thay goon, and doun they goon anon,
 360 Til that the millner, stumbled at a ston,
 And doun he felle bakward on his wyf,
 That wyste nothing of this nyce stryf,
 For sche was falle a-sleepe a litel wight
 With Jon the clerk, that waked al the night.
 And with the falle right out of slepe sche brayde,
 " Help, holy croys of Bromholme ! " sche sayde,
 " *In manus tuas*, Lord, to the I calle !
 Awake, Symond, the feend is in thin halle !
 My hert is broken ! help ! I am but deed !
 370 Ther lythe upon my wombe and on myn heed.
 Help, Symkyn ! for this false clerkes fight."
 This Johan stert up as fast as ever he might,
 And grasped by the walles to and fro,
 To fynde a staf ; and sche sturt up also,
 And knewe the estres bet than dede Jon,
 And by the wal sche took a staf anon,
 And sawh a litel glymeryng of light ;
 For at an hool in schon the moone light.
 And by that light sche saugh hem bothe two ;
 380 But sikirly sche wiste nat who was who,
 But [as] sche saugh a whit thing in hir ye.
 And whan sche gan this white thing aspye,
 Sche wend the clerk had wered a volupeer,
 And with a staf sche drough hir neer and neer,
 And wend have hit this Aleyn atte fulle,
 And smot this meller on the piled sculle,
 And doun he goth, and cryeth, " Harrow ! I dye ! "
 This clerkes beeten him wel, and leet hym lye,
 And greyth hem wel, and take her hors anon,
 390 And eek here mele, and hoom anon they goon,
 And at the millen dore they tok here cake,
 Of half a buisschel flour ful wel i-bake.
 Thus is the powde miller wel i-bete,
 And hath i-lost the gryndyng of the whete,

357. *flore*, Tyr. a, b. 358. much better than Tyr. *thei walowe as tuo pigges*, a. 361. *fell*, Tyr. *fel*. a. *fille*, b. 363, 365. *fall*, Tyr. *fal*. a. 371. *find*, Tyr. *fynden*, b. 376. *toke*, Tyr. 378. *bright*, Tyr. a, b. no doubt the more correct reading. 381. *But as she*, Tyr. a, b. *white*, Tyr. a, b. 384. *the staf*, Tyr. a, b. 386. *smote*, Tyr. a, b.

And payed for the soper everydel
Of Aleyn and of Johan, that beten him wel;
His wyf is swyved, and his doughter als.
Lo! such it is a miller to be fals.
And ther-to this proverbe is seyde ful soth,
400 He thar nat weene wel that evyl doth.
A gylour schal him self bygiled be;
And God that sittest in thy magesté,
Save al this compaignie gret and smale.
Thus have I quyte the miller in his tale.

Here endeth the reeves tale.

400. *Him thar not weene*, a, b. Tyrwhitt has without any reason changed *weene* to *winnen*, to make, as he supposed, sense of the passage. The literal meaning seems clear enough, "He need not imagine, or suppose, well, who does evil." *Him* is a better reading than *he*.

SECTION II.—GOLIARDIC POETRY.

I give this name to the class of Latin satirical poetry which I have collected together under the title of "Latin Poems attributed to Walter Mapes," because these pieces appear to have been most generally published under the name of the goliards, (*goliardi*), a class of clerks who answer to the class of general society in the middle ages distinguished by the titles of ribalds (*ribaldi*), lechers (*leccatores*), and the like. A further account of the goliards will be found in the introduction to the work just quoted.

The number of manuscripts of this poetry shows that in the thirteenth century, and even in the century following, it must have had a very great political influence. It appears to have been chiefly confined to England, very little of it being found in foreign manuscripts. In a recent visit to Oxford, I took the opportunity of examining a few of the collections of Goliardic verses preserved among the manuscripts of the Bodleian library, and selected one or two pieces hitherto inedited, which are given in the following pages. Many of those published already in the "Poems attributed to Walter Mapes," contain in the Oxford MSS. considerable and important variations, and some curious passages not found in the printed texts. Thus in MS. Digby, No. 4, of the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, in a poem which appears to be the same that I have printed at p. 159 of Walter Mapes, we find the following lines at the end, after the line *Sed a diverticulo*, &c. They are curious as showing the practise among the English harons, in the thirteenth century, of sending their children to be educated in the French universities, to which the writer imputes the introduction of foreign vices into England.

Filii nobilium, dum sunt juniores,
Mittuntur in Franciam fieri doctores;
Quos prece vel pretio domant corruptores,
Sic prætaxatos referunt artaxata mores.

Mores habent barbarus, Latinus, et Græcus,
Si sacerdos ut plebs est cæcum ducit cæcus:
Se mares effeminant, et equa fit equus,
Expectes ab homine usque ad pecus.

Et quia non metuunt animæ discrimen,*
Principes in habitum verterunt hoc crimen,
Virum viro turpiter jungit novus hymen,
Exagitata procul non intrat fœmina limen.

* These four lines are the same as ll. 41—44, of the printed text.

Unde est præ cæteris quod cuncti mirantur,
 Quod vix hii qui largi sunt vel nunquam ditantur,
 Sed cum divitiæ largis sociantur,
 Non bene conveniunt nec in uua sede morantur,

Esto fur vel proditor, Verres sive Graccus,
 Deus reputaberis ut Thebarum Bacchus ;
 Esto Cato moribus, scientia Flaccus,*
 Duceris a populo velut ictus ab Hercule Caccus.

In the same Digby MS. there is a copy of the poem I have printed at p. 152, of the same work, commencing with l. 13, *Multiformis hominum*, &c. and ending with the following inedited lines, in which the writer appeals to the generosity of his patron (as it appears) named Fulmarus. This name occurs in old writers, though it would probably be a vain attempt to identify the person here alluded to.

Ab istis excipio† solus hic Fulmarus ;
 Larga manus fulgurat, genere præclarus ;
 Solus inter avidos vivit non avarus,
 Inde manu fulgens vel avari fulgor amarus.

Mos Fulmari præcipit locum dare vago,
 Nam Fulmaro displicet avari vorago ;
 Fulmarum largificat nobilis propago,
 Si genus arguitur vultu, nisi fallit imago.

Ergo manu dapsili fulgurans, Fulmare,
 Ne permittas peditem me repatriare,
 Magnus eris si me bipedem scis quadrupedare.

A copy of the poem entitled *Golia Quærela ad Papam* (W. Map. p. 57), preserved in this same manuscript, ends with the following lines, containing a curious description of the *leccatores* or *ribaldi*, a dissolute and unprincipled class of society who lived upon the rich in the middle-ages, and who may be described as the parasitic caste. We shall have occasion to mention them frequently in the course of the present volume. I arrange the lines here differently from my former edition of the poem, for the convenience of printing: in the MS. it is written as prose.

* The Latin poets, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, &c., from being read in the schools, became looked upon rather as learned scholars than as elegant poets. The popular legends relating to Virgil are well known. Horace is here spoken of as being remarkable for *science*. In my Latin Stories, p. 43, there is a tale of two scholars who went to the tomb of Ovid, ut ab eo quicquam addiscerent, eo quod *sapiens fuerat*.

† Probably for *excipitur*.

Possunt autem leccatores dici spinæ, quorum mores
 pungunt atque tribulant ;
 Quorum vita sorde plena ; semen fundunt in arena,
 masculos demasculant.
 O igitur tręcensitæ clericorum margaritæ
 et cleri clerissimi,
 A fermento leccatorum expurgate vestrum chorum,
 sicut estis azimi.
 Istos manus Stigis ædes, isti non sunt cohæredes
 Ysaac, sed Ishmael.
 Hos dignetur extirpare qui de cœlo venit dare
 pacem super Israhel !

It appears by these lines that this class of society had even crept among and found encouragement with the clergy. The following poem, taken from the same manuscript as the foregoing, ends with an allusion to the infamy of the parasitic caste. The object of the poem appears to be to impress upon bishops and abbots the duty of liberality, and the wickedness of squandering their riches on the immoral class who lived upon the superfluities of the barons.

ON THE PASTORAL STAFF.

Bacissare sacramentum nec recenter est inventum,
 nec sine mysterio ;
 Ab antiquo manet rata, scripto legis figurata
 baculi religio.
 Ergo ne res occultetur, ut occultum reveletur,
 ordiamur altius :
 Nam id de quo dubitatur, scripto teste dum probatur,
 creditur facilius.
 Lignum per quod Rubrum Mare fecit tanquam
 murum stare,
 legis ille baculus ;
 In hoc ligno figuratur, quod a nobis appellatur
 tam virga quam baculus.
 Illa siccatur fluctus maris, ista siccatur in avaris
 crimen avaritiæ.
 Illa mergitur prosequentes, ista dampnat protrahentes
 morsibus invidiæ.
 Ut testatur legis lator, dum sitiret susurrator
 Hebræorum populus,
 Expendente Deo numen super aquas iste flumen
 dulcoratur baculus.
 Per amarum parcitatem, et per dulce largitatem
 denotamus singuli ;

Ibi dulce de amaro, largus hic fit ex avaro,
per virtutem baculi.
Ligno serpens elevatus in deserto, cruciatus
repressit veneficos;
Istud lignum largitores munit erga detractores,
et dampnat maledicos.
Ibi serpens adoratur, qui per lignum sullimatur;
notate mysteria:
Hic per lignum baculista prædicatur die ista,
dignus laudis gloria.
Jacob dum, instinctu matris, iret præ timore fratris
jungendus avunculo,
Sapienter et modeste pertransivit, ipso teste,
Jordanem in baculo.*
Per Jordanem designari potest mundus, et notari
largitas per baculum;
Vincit ergo baculator, parcitatis supplantator,
largitate sæculum.
Libro Regum teste scitis, dum pro nato Sunamitis
agit planctum querulum,
Elisey vice functus currit puer, sed defunctus
nec surgit ad baculum.†
Hic tenaces et avari per defunctum figurari
recto debent ordine;
Nec defunctus suscitatur, nec avarus revocatur
a fœda cupidine.‡
Per Giesi Giesitas nota, quos et Simonitas
nuncupat Latinitas,
Per quos nemo suscitatur, quia per hos propagatur
vix aut nunquam largitas.
Tegit Thamar partes nudas, ut jungatur sibi Judas,
mediante baculo;§
Tali dono fœderata, et armilla subarrata,
coit in propatulo.

* In baculo meo transivi Jordanem istum: et nunc cum duabus turmis regredior. Genes. xxxii, 10.

† See II Reg. cap. iv. 29, 31. Et ille ait ad Giezi; accinge lumbos tuos, et tolle baculum meum in manum tuam, et vade. . . et pones baculum meum super faciem pueri. . . . Giezi autem posnerat baculum super faciem pueri, et. . . non surrexit puer.

‡ See II Reg. chap. v.

§ See Genes. xxxviii, 18—25.

Si per Thamar probitatem, per baculum largitatem
 designat moralitas ;
 Ergo quisquis largus erit, sociari sibi quærit
 Thamar, id est, probitas.
 Sed id ad figuram verto, quod coivit in aperto
 Judas, non in latebris,
 Quia largus præ munere cunctis debet, et torquere
 non quærit in latebris.
 Et condendum cordis archa, quod fidelis patriarcha,
 quando carnes obtulit ;
 Super partes quas incidit congregari muscas vidit,
 quas baculo propulit.
 In quo manifeste patet, quod si forte te dilatat
 bacularis largitas,
 Cave vigilanti cura, ne defœdet festi jura
 leccatorum fœditas.
 Possunt enim leccatores dici muscæ, quorum mores
 muscis bene consonant :
 Tactu, voce sunt deformes, sic et hii cum sint enormes
 fœda verba intonant.
 His largiri non est via largitatis : quare ? quia
 dare leccatoribus,
 Ut a sanctis prohibetur, idem erit ac si detur
 victima dæmonibus.
 De his loquor confidenter, quorum siquis impudenter
 me verbis impeteret,
 Lacessitus reticerem, siquid enim responderem,
 victus forte vinceret.
 Nam quotiens reprobum reprobo probus ore lacessit,
 Andromachen Thais, Thersites Hectora culpet,
 Degenerat probitas, probra loquente probo.
 Non minus Andromache, non minus Hector erit.
 Illos si facinus æquat quos inquinat ergo,
 Inclamet igitur furem, patitur parasitum,
 Jam nebulonizat cum nebulone loquens.
 Dum nihil objiciam quidlibet esse fero. *finitur.*

The following little poem is also taken from MS. Digby, No. 4,
 and is curious for the mixture of Anglo-Norman words with the
 Latin. It is a general attack on the vices of all classes of society.

A GENERAL SATIRE.

*A la feste sui venue, et ostendam quare,
Singulorum singulos mores explicare,
Reprobare reprobos et probos probare,
Et hædos ab ovibus veni segregare.*

En quo mundi prius est chaos dissolutum,
Cor* reproborum cum schola virtutum,
Ne miratur reprobus se non esse tutum,
Ab eo cui pectus est vitiis exutum.

Ego ventus turbinis, qui turres impello,
Qui radico fertiles, steriles evello,
Abbates, pontifices, decanos flagello
Morsibus satiricis et linguæ macello.

Ego quasi gladius nulli parcens reo,
Solum baculiferum digna laude beo,
Nam ipse ditabit nos annuente Deo,
Hodie beatus ubi qui sperat in eo.

Si times, baculifer, offendere Deum,
Ab avaris facias opus Pharisæum,
Celebra muneribus diem Jubileum,
Nam si largus fueris non fraudasti eum.

Sed lenonum loculos dunt ci a tant aguz,
Nam eorum vita put, as lechers seit aveirs,
Et largus sieiez apud pauperes, propterea exaltabit
caput.

Hi sunt cives apud quos vivitur impure,
Qui masculos demasculant virginum mixture,†
Hii qui, legalium spreto rerum jure,
Nolunt esse pugiles in campo naturæ.

Hiis jehennam præparat arbiter æternus,
Istos manet patulis faucibus infernus,
*Kar si grant ne receipt ignis sempiternus,
Pur nient dutereit les turmenz de enfern nuls.*

Sed de istis hactenus sat dictum videtur,
Ad prælatos deinceps stilus convertetur,
Quorum siquis opera bene contempletur,
Vix erit in millibus unus qui laudetur.

Cardinales etenim et metropolitæ,
Decani, pontifices, et archilevitæ,
Omnes aurum sitiunt, omnes Giezitæ,

* There is here a blank in the MS. † Sic MS.

Et ex hiis, quod pejus est, quidam sunt heritæ.

Ecce novos protulit terra Philistæos,

Multi sunt vorantes Hebræos,

Nullos David prævalet extirpare reos,

Sed Deus et Dominus subsannabit eos,

Præbendæ nunc temporis ducuntur ad forum,

Simonia pullulat et dilatat chorum,

Sed disperdet Dominus iter impiorum,

Conquassabit capita in terra multorum.*

Profuit antiquitus litteratum esse,

Cum floreret studium copiosa messe ;

Sed modernis fodere magis est necesse,

Quam vatam Parisius scholis interesse.

Quid ergo scientiæ domum tibi struis ?

Sapiens si pauper es nec vales nec cluis :

Sed si ditat opibus te Fortuna suis,

Diffusa est gratia in labiis tuis.

Vera sunt, ut arbitror, ea quæ auditis,

Quod nulla rependitur talio peritis :

Sed ne velut improbus eloquar invitis,

Jam satira faciat finem suæ litis.

The next poem is appropriately introduced by the concluding lines of the one preceding. I have selected it from a large collection of Goliardic poetry in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, written in the fourteenth century, but probably all belonging to the thirteenth, MS. Digby, No. 166, fol. 55, v^o. The manuscript is very incorrectly written, and this poem is full of corruptions, which render it difficult to understand. It appears to be the work of a writer who was opposed to the secular learning, and who endeavours to show the vanity of the sciences taught in the schools, and the surpassing excellence of theological studies.

POEM ON THE SCHOLASTIC STUDIES.

Ante legum dominos et magistros artium

Usurpasse videor doctoris officium,

Ut sermonis epulo releve[m] jejunium,

Cum fortassis unus si[m] minimus sapientium.

Sed quod minus habeo suple, factor omnium,

Tu qui nobis factus es, Domine, refugium.

Domus quam prædiximus domus est scientiæ,

* This stanza is found in a poem printed among those attributed to Walter Mapes, p. 40, l. 21.

Quam reliquit Dominus hominis industriæ,
 Ut fructus percipiat illius prudentiæ,
 Quam scribit lectio libri sapientiæ.

Ordines scholarium discordes et varii,
 Tres* sunt sapientiæ facti fructuarii,
 Quorum duo quia sunt segnes operarii,
 Non reddentur singulis singuli denarii.

Primus ordo continet scholares grammaticos,
 Logicos et rhetores atque mathematicos,
 Quos uno vocabulo secundum Italicos
 Gramantes dicimus sive garacios.†

Inter artes igitur qui dicuntur trivium,
 Fundatrix grammatica vendicat principium,
 Sub hac chorus militat metrice scribentium,
 Quæ se scholam æstimat artem esse artium.‡

Inter quos .iiij. ridmice dictantium,
 Sibi super hoc tenent sibi privilegium,
 Stephanus flos .i. Aurelianensium,§
 Et Petrus qui dicitur de castro Blecensium.||

Istis non [im]merito Berterus¶ adjicitur;
 Sed nec inter alios quartus prætermittitur,
 Ille quem Siscellio latere non patitur,

* The sciences of the trivium, or first part of the ordinary scholastic course, were Grammar, Logic (or Dialectics,) and Rhetoric.

† I have not found either of these words in the sense here given to them, except in the *Entheticus* of John of Salisbury, lately published by Professor Petersen, where speaking of the schools of logic, the writer says, (l. 125),—

Hæc schola sic juvenes voluit juvenescere semper,
 Ut dedignentur nosse vel esse senes.
 Et quamvis tæntur eam numerus *Gramantum*,
 Quos andere monet fasque nefasque furor,
 Quos gula, quos fastus captos servire coegit,
 Quos transire Venus in sua castra facit.

I am not satisfied that Prof. Petersen has given the correct interpretation of the word,—i. e. juvenum et virorum e remotissimis regionibus oriundorum.

‡ Grammar was looked upon as the head and fountain of all the Arts and Sciences.

§ Stephen of Orleans was bishop of Tournai from 1192 to 1200. He had been abbot of St. Evurt, in the diocese of Orleans, and subsequently of St. Genevieve at Paris. His epistles were edited by Masson with those of John of Salisbury.

|| This, I suppose, is the celebrated Peter de Blois.

¶ Perhaps this is a corruption for Ehrardus, the author of the *Græcismus*, a favourite school book in the middle ages.

In cujus opusculo Alexander legitur.*

Post illam qui prior est cæteris in trivio,
Subinfertur logica grandi supercilio,
Discolor sentiis et accincta gladio,
Per quam falsum resecat logicorum ratio.

Hanc doctorum variat multiplex opinio,
Sed cunctos præradiat nova constitutio,
In quo rebus derogat Abailard† sacratio,
Attributo vocibus rerum privilegio.

Tertia subsequitur species rhetoricæ,
Domum sapientiæ poliens mirifice;
Apprehendit siquidem juncturam grammaticæ,
Quam postquam purguerit sub censura logicæ,
Depingit coloribus et verborum murice.

Sequitur quadrivium,‡ id est, mathematica,
Eadem quæ dicitur a quibusdam physica,
Quæ singula trutinans lance philosophica,
De naturis et de rerum fisica.

Hic igitur artium felix septenarius,
Factus est scientiæ quasi fructuarius;
Sed labor nec utilis¶ nec est necessarius,
Immo voluntarius sive voluptarius.

Quid tibi grammatica studioso parata§ labore?
Quid confert logica quæ certa laudis amore?
Quid tibi rhetorica vernante superba lepore?
Quid fructum referunt versus nugæque canoræ?
Talia non sapiunt viri sapientis in ore.
Esto facundus, Athas dicas, quo fidem Frigis?
Defectum patiaturs ager quis frugifer annis?
Dum nives producat hiemps quæ veris in hortu?
Temperies in pignus vinum cur ardeat æstas?
Cur legat autumpnus pugnales ebrui uvas?
Circulus an possit quadriari,|| an musica

* Walter de Castellione, the author of the Latin metrical *Gesta Alexandri Magni*, which held so high a place in the schools. The MS. reads *in cujus opulus*. *Siscellio* is without doubt an error for *Castellio*.

† Bailard, MS. There can be no doubt it should be Abailard, the great leader of the philosophical sect of the Nominalists, who are referred to in the next line.

‡ The quadrivium, or second part of the scholastic course, including the sciences of Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Astronomy.

¶ *Inutilis*, MS. § *paratam*, MS.

|| The squaring of the circle and the discovery of the philosopher's stone were the two grand aims of a large class of the medieval mathematicians and naturalists.

Cœlestes modulos dicas quæ sidera septem*
 Impetus oblique rapiat contraria mundo.
 Quot distent a se gradibus quæ stella vocantur ?
 Impediat sævire senem quo sidere fiat ?
 Obice propitius martem quis tempus ignis ?
 Parva loquor, totum claudas sub pectore cœlum.
 Finge quod hoc scieris sed et hiis majora, quid ad rem ?
 Tam cito descieris hæc omnia quod nihil ad rem.

Transeamur† igitur ad imperatorias
 Sanctiones principum, quæ fraudes et alias
 In domo scientiæ prohibent injurias :
 Hos labores dixeris, si recte diffinias,
 Vel impensas utiles vel non necessarias.

Bonum tamen arbitror scire juris apicem ;
 Sed si vestra[m], domini, voluntatem indicem,
 Nihil mihi proderit scire totum codicem,
 Dum nil boni proferam ante tantum judicem.

Si donum prosequitur datum lex aquila,
 Si quarta de singulis restat falsidica,
 Quod reportat commodum talis observantia,
 Per quam non interius resecantur vitia ?

O quam felix studium, quam felices opere,
 Si possemus legibus in æternum vivere ;
 Sed cum regum videas corpora putrescere,
 Qui juris ænigmata studuerunt solvere,
 Cur noctis vigilias consumis in hoc opere ?
 Si superbis liceat breviter concludere,
 Vanum est scholaribus ante lucem surgere,
 Cum nil boni percipiant de eorum opere.

Verum si lex Moisi, quæ divina dicitur,
 Nil perfectum attulit, a minori sequitur
 Quod nulla perfectio legis intelligitur,
 Quam Romanos principes pervulgasse legitur.

Sed nulla facultas est quæ cor magis alliget,
 Quam ista, dum pelagus paupertatis mitiget ;
 Seminat grammat[ic]a, semper tamen indiget,
 Lex autem et fisica manipulos colliget.

Sed licet hærentes exstirpet fisica morbos,‡

* The doctrine of the music of the spheres was taken from the Platonic philosophers.

† The writer, having expressed his opinion of the vanity of the liberal sciences, now turns to the study of jurisprudence.

‡ From the law he turns to the medical profession. On the virtues of *diamargariton*, a medicine pretended to be made of pearls, see *Ægidius de*

Et nitida reddat pretio sumpta cutem :
 Si diamargariton diuturnet munera vitæ,
 Nec sinat infantum plures abire dies;
 Si preciosa tuus consumat medullia venter,
 Et gula Campanum sorbeat omne merum;
 Quid prodest status exterior, si sorbeat intus
 Languidus et vitii febre sepultus homo ?
 Si videas legi statuos vernare penates,
 Purpura si latus et digitos involvat acates,
 Clara licet proles, licet uxor in aure susurret,
 Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret.*

Transferamus igitur ad ordinem tertium,
 Id est ad theologos, quorum felix studium,
 Præconantur etenim illud præconium,
 Cujus laus perficitur ex ore infantium.

Hæc est sapientia de qua prius dixeram,
 Duas habens species, spiritum et literam;
 Litera mortificat, sed secundum alteram
 Invenitur caritas quæ non agit perperam.

Satis quidem rudis est et satis inconditus
 Intellectus literæ, si non sit expositus;
 Sed si velis literam suggere medullitus,
 Balsamum reperiēs et mel sancti spiritus.

Juxta ripam fluminis denegantis poculum,
 Sitivisse legimus Israel, in sedulum;
 Sed amaritudines fluminis per baculum
 Dulcoravit Moyses,† computant populum.

Hæc sunt verba literæ, sed hæc expositio:
 Amara vel aspera fuit legis lectio;
 Sed minas, quas intulit illa superstitio,
 Suæ Christus expulit crucis beneficio,
 Dum mortales‡ oculos caligantes vitio
 Lavit agnus proprii sanguinis collutio.

Panis quam se voluit Helias reficere,
 Sub favilla legitur coctus a muliere.§
 Quod si vis cum Jonatha mel de quercum suggere,||
 Panis de quo loquitur conditus subemere,
 Spiritualis sensus est sub favilla literæ.

Isto pane pascitur fidelis ecclesia;

virtutibus et laudibus compositorum medicaminum, lib. ii. ap. Leyser,
 Hist. Poet. Med. Æv p. 539.

* Horace, Epist. lib. i, Ep. x, l. 24.

† Exod. xv. 23—25

‡ *Amortales*, MS. § I. Reg. xvii. 13.

|| I Samuel xiv. 26—30.

Hunc panem conficiunt sacerdotis labia,
 Dum se transubstantiat terrena substantia
 In illam quam peperit mater viri nescia ;
 Hic est cibus animæ, dulcis eucharistia,
 Quem in crucis clibano vera coxit hostia.

Joseph ut se liberet ab amplexu feminæ,
 Evasisse legitur relicto velamine ;
 Quia salvo penitus et illæso numine,
 Passa est humanitas assumpta de virgine.

Non enim divinitas incomprehensibilis,
 Qui cum patre filius manet invisibilis,
 Crucifigi potuit, sed caro passibilis,
 In qua factor factus est et excelsus humilis.

Sed inter miracula testamenti veteris,
 Istud est mirabile et mirandum præ cæteris,
 Quod ut secum redimat a dolore carceris,*
 Se ipsum incarcerat fabricator ætheris.

The following poem, in Leonine verse, taken from MS. Bodley, No. 57, (fol. 191, v^o.) is of a different character from the pieces which precede. It is a political satire by a monk against the serfs of his monastery in the town of Stockton (probably Stockton on Tees, in the county of Durham), who had risen up against their masters, and who appear to have attempted in vain to defend themselves in a court of law. The monkish writer exults over their defeat. It would perhaps not be possible now to identify any of the persons whom he mentions as the ring-leaders in this affair, but it relates probably to the fourteenth century, when the peasantry in various parts of England joined together to seek protection in the law. It is one of the very few popular monuments now remaining relating to the great struggle between the servile part of the population and the lords of the soil.

SATIRE ON THE MEN OF STOCKTON.

Post incarnatum verbum de virgine natum,
 Non fuerant gentes fatuæ, numust insipientes ;
 Væ ! gens Stoctonæ caret omnimoda ratione.
 Plebs in Stoctona dedit incassum sua dona,
 Quando frui more captabant liberiore.
 Gens dixit villæ, " Patimur discrimina mille :

* caseris, MS.

† Sic MS. perhaps for *magis*.

Ecce sumus gentes in consilio sapientes,
Omnes prudentes, magnum solamen habentes,
Nulli servire volumus dum possimus ire :
Ibimus ad regem, qui nobis vult dare legem."
Omnes expresse dicunt, " Sic volumus esse."
Mus furit in messe dum catum sentit abesse.
Human Henricus, eadem et ejus amicus
Rusticus antiquus Rogerus, et alter iniquus,
Isti dixerunt quod pergere mox voluerunt.
Protinus iverunt : vacuis manibus redierunt.
" Ad regem vadam," dixit miserabilis Adam ;
" Coram rege cadam, causam scriptam sibi tradam."
Ibant psallentes, magnum risum facientes ;
Sed redeunt flentes, fiunt sine fine dolentes.
Ad regem vadunt, quia sperant esse magistri ;
Coram rege cadunt, fiunt sine fine ministri.
Providus urbanus dixit narrator Allanus,
" Rustice Willelme, causam tibi supplico *tel me*,
Ad quod venisti ? sensu sine credo fuisti,
Tu male discernis, reus es, quia dominum spernis :
Cum domino certare tuo non consilium do.
Rustice, victus eris, dominum qui vincere quæris.
Tu debes ferre tibi quod dat regula terræ.
Bis sex barbati stantes jurare parati,
Isti jurati, de causa certificati,
Contra te dicent, quod servus eras tibi dicent."
Et labor et lis, et dolor et vis, causa pudoris,
Crescit et imminet, et male terminet omnibus horis.
In medio turbæ Robertus dixit in urbe,
" Pro me vix unus loquitur, nisi dem sibi munus.
Quisquis mercedem petit a me regis ad ædem.
Plus prodest caula mihi regis quam facit aula.
Vestes, res, pecudes dispendo meas meliores ;
Ecce domi pergo ; vos omnes deprecor ergo,
Cras discedamus et ad abbatem redeamus ;
Huic servire volo, conventum spernere nolo :
Plus valet ante mori sub fortuna meliori,
Quam mendicare, vel mendicando rogare.
Si victi simus, omnes sine fine perimus."
" Verum dixisti," dixerunt protinus isti,
Ivo de Freseby, Willelmus Page, Johannes,
Human Henricus, Astel Rogerus et Hugo,
Robertus Makeles, Radulphus Syre, Thomasque,

Rogerus Montem super,* et Rogerus et Honney. n.
 Stat Christiana cum pellicia veterana,
 Verba nimis vana loquitur quasi turgida rana.
 Mold velut insana stetit ubi foret una Diana;
 Lac sibi nec lana valuit piperis .ii.º grana.
 "O dulcis Christe!" dixerunt sæpius istæ,
 "Quid faciemus? pane caremus, jam venit æstas;
 Dampna videmus, farre caremus, crescit egestas:
 Sit maledictus ubique Philippus, nos quia fallit;
 Exul abibit, raro redibit, et heu! modo psallit."
 Præpositus villæ, perversus proditor ille,
 Gessit vexillum, credo quod pœnitet illum.
 Rusticus est lippus victus sine fine Philippus,
 Sillaba putrescit, phi sordida, lippus aquessit,
 Phi nota fœtoris, lippus gravat omnibus horis,
 Sit procul hinc lippus, sit phi procul, ergo Philippus,†
 Sit procul a terra, nunquam vixit sine guerra:
 Philos fertur amor, equus ippus, et modo Philippus
 Sortitur nomen, amisit nominis omen.
 Constat Rogerus est frater in ordine verus;
 Defensor bonus est, quicquid loquitur bene prodest;
 Causam defendit, insensatos reprehendit,
 Donec discedunt victi, plangendo recedunt.
 Amodo plectuntur, Rogerum flendo secuntur;
 Quilibet ex illis sibi dicit, *do that ti will is*.
 Villæ majores sunt omnes inferiores,
 Divitiis plenus nuper fit pauper egenus,
 Et modo mendicat, vix est sibi qui benedicat.
 Postquam regnavit Salomon de semine David,
 Non fuit in villa discordia turpior illa.
 Quid faciet servus, nisi serviet? et puer ejus
 Purus servus erit, et libertate carebit.
 Judicium legis probat hoc et curia regis;
Uncore à la curt le rey usum meme la ley.
 ¶ Cor leve, vox levis, fidesque brevis in muliere;
 Femina munere dat breve ludere, non bene flere.‡

* i. e. Roger At-Hill. The next name is probably Roger at Honney. n.

† These were proverbial verses in the middle ages. See the Glossary to my edition of *Piers Ploughman*, p. 593, and the "Selection of Latin Stories." (Percy Society Publication), p. 253.

‡ These two lines are placed at the end of the poem in the MS. in a different hand; they seem to have no immediate connection with it, unless they are intended to apply to the women of Stockton, who appear to have taken an active part in the quarrel, particularly the two whom the writer names Christiana and Matilda (Mold).

SECTION III.—POEMS ON THE DIFFERENT CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

In the middle ages, society was divided into strongly marked classes, or castes, widely separate from each other. The religion of papal Rome had stifled that vital principle of the religion of Jesus, which taught us to look upon all mankind as our brethren. It is in the remains of early popular poetry that we must look for the most perfect picture of the condition of these classes, and of their mutual feelings and dependency. Short pieces in prose and verse containing satirical descriptions of or attacks upon the various classes are found not uncommonly in manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and they all merit to be brought to light. I have collected the following poems of this class (which I believe are all inedited) in preparing materials for a series of essays on the condition of feudal society, to which they may serve as *pièces justificatives*, though some of them are too coarse to offer to the public in a popular shape. The classes of society which they illustrate are the *villans*, the *townsmen* or *bourgeoisie*, the *ribalds*, and the *clergy*.

I. The *VILLANS* (*villani*; in old French and early English, *vilains*;) were the serfs of the soil. Ordericus Vitalis (ed. Le Prevost, vol. ii, p. 223.) tells us that *villa* signified a manor (villas, quas a manendo manerios vulgo vocamus); and the *villani* were the peasants who were bound to the soil of this manor (*glebæ astrieti*) without the power of quitting it, the cultivators of the earth who were necessarily bought and sold with it. Nearly the whole body of the peasantry were in this position. They hated their masters, who tyrannized over them; and the poetry of the French *trouvères*, who flattered the feudal barons, is filled with expression of contempt towards the villans. Several satirical pieces directed against this class are printed in Barbazan, tom. iii, p. 1, *Du vilain mire*; p. 28, *Des chevaliers, des clers, et des vilains*; p. 67, *Dou pet au vilain* (also printed among the works of Ruteheuf, tom. i, p. 280); tom. iv. p. 114, *Du vilain qui conquist Paradis par plait*. This latter piece was perhaps intended to ridicule the attempts of the villans to obtain redress against the oppressions of their masters in courts of law, as in the poem already given in the present volume (p. 49) where they are more directly satirized in Latin. In 1833, MM. Michel and Monmerqué commenced, at Paris, the publication of a series of early

tracts under the general title of *Des vilains*, and it is to be regretted that the plan was not carried beyond a third part. The first two parts, *Des xxiii. manières de vilains*, and *De l'oustillement au vilain*, are extremely curious; but in the third of these publications, *La riote du monde*, M. Michel has wrongly given under the head of *villans* two pieces which belong the class of *ribalds*, of which we shall have to speak farther on. The two following pieces exhibit strongly the feeling of the lords of the soil, and of the fawning minstrels, towards the oppressed peasantry. The first is taken from the Berne MS. already mentioned.

ON THE VILLANS.

[From MS. Berne, No. 354, fol. 57, v^o.]

Des vilains.

Or escoutez un autre conte.
 A toz les vilains doint Dex honte
 Qui je hui matin se leverent;
 Et si di-je pechié, qu'il erent
 Les terres qui portent le blé:
 Ne en iver, ne en esté
 Ne finent-il de traveillier,
 Chascuns jor, por ce gaaigner
 Don clerc juvent, et autre gent.
 Lo pain et lo vin en semant,
 Tot lo gaaignent li vilain,
 Et tot l'avon-nos par lor main.
 Il sofrent lo froit et lo chaut,
 Por gaaignier; mais moi ne chaut,
 Dex male honte li envoit.
 Il ne sofrent ne chaut ne froit
 Por nos, mais il font por argent,
 Il nos selent moult chierement
 Tote la rien que il nos vandent;
 Totjorz à nos enginer tudent,
 Moult sont felon, si con moi sanble.
 Se il voient .iiij. clers ensamble,
 O .iiij., en une conpeignie,
 Don n'i a vilain qui ne die,
 "Esgardez de ces clers bolastres;
 Par ma foi, il est plus clerjastres
 Que berbiz ne que autres bestes."
 Max feus lor broisse les testes

As vilains qui ce vont disant !
 Plaust à Deu lo roi puissant,
 Que je fusse roi des vilains,
 Je feisse plus de mil ainz
 Et autretant de laz feisse :
 Dont je par les cos les preisse :
 A mal port fussent arivé !
 Jà vilains ne fust tant osé,
 Que il un mot osast parler,
 Ne mais por del pain demander,
 O por sa pastenostre dire.
 Moult aussent en moi mal sire,
 Et totjorz m'apelassent maistre ;
 Mais por ce que rois ne puis estre,
 Vos en lairai atant lo conte.
 Dex lor doint à toz male honte,
 Si voirement, con je voldroie,
 Dame-Dex ma proière en oie.

For the communication of the following short satire on the villans, as well as for many other favours, I am indebted to the friendship of M. Achille Jubinal, so well known by his various publications on medieval literature and art. The gingling play upon words which appears in the conclusion of each line is not uncommon in the poetry of the *trouvères*; another remarkable instance is printed in the collection of Barbazan, tom. iii, p. 444, *D'une dame de Flandres c'une chevalier tolli à un autre par force*.

LE DIT DU VILAIN DESPENSIER.

[From the Bib. Royale at Paris, No. 198, fol. 281, r^e.]

Ci commence le dit du vilain despensier.

Ne sai à quoi gentis homs pense,
 Qui vilain charge sa despense.
 Vilains de cuer, de mal porpens,
 Ycis ne puet veoir despens,
 Ainz samble con l'amaine pendre.
 Quant il voit son seignor despendre
 Por faire honneur, son mal penser
 N'en puet couvrir au despenser ;
 Car chiere en fait triste et pensive.
 Si n'est nus qui le despens sive,

Ne l'en hace, tant va pensant
 D'ordure est despens despensant ;
 Car fust-il es mains du pendeur,
 Qui ne puet veoir despendeur.
 Bien het en honneur despendus.
 Vilains despensiers soit pendus !
 Car jà honor ne pensera,
 En tout ce qu'il despensera,
 Tant a vilaine la pensée
 En ordure faire apensée,
 Qui par son mal apensement
 Fait si vilains despensement,
 Qu'il n'entra en sa despense ier,
 Ne hui, nus qui le despensier
 Ne hace, et dit, " s'on le pendoit,
 Ce seroit prex ; " s'il despendoit
 Le sien, maint mal seroit pensanz.
 Quant il l'autrui est despensanz
 Qui recreaument le despent,
 A son cuer toute ordure apent ;
 Qui ainsi le va despendant,
 Il va tout adez le pendant.
 Pendus soit sanz despendement,
 Qui fait vilain despendement,
 Dont on le souhaide pendu !
 Vilainement a despendu
 Les biens dont il est despensivs ;
 Car à vilenie est pensivs,
 Com vilains de mal apenser
 A autrui despenz despenser.

Explicit le dit du vilain despensier.

II. THE BOURGEOISIE. The free inhabitants of towns and cities were the most efficient supporters of what remained of popular liberty under the feudal system. As bodies corporate they stood nearly on a level with the feudal barons—for they were so many republics, while the barons were despotic kings, owing the same general allegiance to the supreme monarch which each forgot in occasional moments of turbulence. The following poem from the Berne MS. is the only piece of the kind I have yet met with directed against this class of society. It opens with the ordinary complaint of the minstrels in the thirteenth century, that the liberality of the barons was diminishing, and that the minstrels and jogelours received

no longer the same encouragement at their hands. In fact a great blow had been already given to the power of the lords of the soil, and they began to feel the necessity of limiting their extravagances. The writer of the following poem attributes the change to the increasing prevalence of avarice; and goes on to describe the general degeneracy of the time. He describes avarice as the especial vice of the *bourgeoisie*: "the burgess has a bud or sprig (*borjon*, perhaps intended as a pun upon the name) which is called Take," and he is accused of taking all he could of those who came to his hostile.

Letting of lodgings, and providing for the lodgers, were the chief means of extortion in the hands of the inhabitants of towns in the middle ages, and appear to have been the cause of much ill-feeling. In the Universities it was found necessary to make special laws, and appoint particular officers (named taxors), to protect the students against them. They form the subject of a very curious anonymous Latin poem apparently of the thirteenth century, entitled *Peregrinus*, printed in Polycarp Leyser's *Historia Poetarum et Poematum Medii Ævi*, p. 2099. The author of this poem describes the arts employed to allure the traveller, and the extortions to which he is subjected. Persons it appears were employed to watch for the arrival of strangers, and to enter into conversation with them, under pretence of being of the same country, which ended in recommending a lodging—

Ad finem tandem properans inquit ab ipsis,
Cujus in hospitio membra levare velint;
Commendansque suum dominum, suadensque, quod ejus
Intrent hospitium, talis lina jacet:
"Vobis censulere teneor, quia compatriotæ
Præsidium debet quilibet esse suo.
Exulis est, quod in exilio sint compatriotæ,
Compatiens veram continuando fidem.
Dicite, num nostis, fama referente, fidelem
Gerhardum, notum laude fideque virum?
Hunc ego præ reliquis *burgi burgensibus* hujus
Elegi, dominus esset ut ille meus."

The whole poem, extending to near five hundred lines, is extremely curious. A similar description of the tricks of the burgesses in letting out their lodgings to strangers is given in the *Entheticus* of John of Salisbury, recently edited by Professor Petersen of Hamburg (lin. 1533, et seq.), which the editor has I think wrongly interpreted as referring to the Hostles in the University of Oxford, although Professor Petersen has endeavoured to support his view of the subject by several ingenious arguments. The context of John of Salisbury's observations, compared with the Latin poem just alluded to, appears

to me to have a more general application. Moreover, I doubt much if Hostles of the description he supposes existed in Oxford as early as the middle of the twelfth century.

LE BORJOIS BORJON.

[From MS. Berne, No. 354, fol. 114, r^e]

Por beles risés conter,
Soloient menestrel monter
En grant enor et en grant pris,
Avoir assez et vair et gris,
Chevax et deniers à despandre,
Tant con il en voloient prandre ;
Mais par foi, valor et proece,
Cortoisie, sen, et largece,
Et enors, estoient alors
En graignor pris qu'il ne sont ors :
Car larjece est tote perie
En clers et en chevalerie,
En dames et en damoiseles,
Qui n'oent mais choses noveles.
Car l'an ne trove qui rien done,
Ne qui à celui gueredone
Qui de bien dire s'entremet,
Et son tans et s'entente i met
A faire biax moz et en dire
Chose pui face la gent rire.
Por ce que li don sont chau,
Sont menestrel dechau,
Par maintes foiz de joie faire,
Et de biax moz dire ne traire,
Que il aussent fait savoir,
O il cuidassent prou avoir.
Or escotez, fait-il silance,
Je vos dirai en audiauce
Qu'anors dechiet, et honte avive,
Que nus hom qui en cest mont vive
Por biax moz, ne por bel parler,
Por solaz, ne por deporter,
Por deduit, ne por rien qu'il die,
Ne trovera mais cortoisie.
Car il est avis à plusors
Qu'enors est honte, et honte anors.
Por ce q'ansi lor est avis,

Encontre enor drece son vis
Mauvaistié, qui enor confont,
Mauvaistié croist et enor font,
Proece muert et honte vit,
Traison dance et agaiz rit,
Charité crie et pitié plore,
Joie est desoz et duel desore,
Miau devient fel, et fel espice :
Por quoi est-ce ? Car avarice
A partot largece abatue ;
Larjece, qui s'est combatue
Contre avarice, ne se puet
Plus combatre ; par force estuet
Foir s'en ; mais sachiez de voir,
Se ses armes poist avoir,
Trop se combatist volantiers.
Mais enors qui est ses destriers,
Ne puet core, que que nus die.
Ses escuz est de cortoisie,
Et ses hiaumes est de proece,
Sa beniere est de gentillece.
Orgoil, qui contre raison vet,
Sele a d'angin, et frain d'agait,
Poitrail d'envie, estier de honte ;
Et li chevax conmant a non
Avarice, qui desus monte ?
Li chevax a non traison,
Ferré de guile et de losanges ;
Et de s'espée sont les ranges
D'orgoil doré, de faussetez.
Qui de tele espée est navrez,
N'en puet garir, ce est la fins ;
Car convoitise est li velins
Dont li plusor sont engroté.
Sa lance est desloiauté,
Et sa beniere a non envie :
Orgoil, sorfait, malvaise vie,
Il sont escrit es toz max vices.
Covoitise devant les lices,
La honie, la desloiaux,
Fait des plus riches ses chastiax.
Tot est chau en tel afaire,
Li riche n'en ont mais que faire
D'anor, ne jamais n'ont amée ;

Por c'est itex, la bestornée,
 Toz cist mondes est bestorné ;
 Tot cist max siegles est tornez
 Devers deiable par envie.
 Je dis que cil ne manti mie,
 Qui dist que cist siegles faudroit :
 Par quoi nos veon orandroit,
 Que li siegles est defailliz.
 Por ce lo dit que des failliz
 Est plains li siegles en toz sans.
 Onques mais ne fu si chier tans,
 Ne tel herboz, ne tel destrece,
 Con il est herboz de larjece,
 Por cest herboz que nus n'enlieve
 En proece, proece grieve.
 Es riches, c'est chose provée,
 N'est jamais proece trovée,
 Chiés evesque, ne chiés provoire.
 Borjois resont tot dis en foire,
 D'angin, d'agait, et de corion ;
 Car en borjois a un borjon,
 Qui a non Prandre, et li aprant
 Qu'il n'est pas borgois qui ne prant
 De franc home ce q'an puet prandre ;
 Qant borgois en puet un sorprendre,
 A son ostel et à son oste,
 Tel ostel li fait q'an li oste
 Del suen ce que il puet oster,
 Tant con il se puet acoster
 De prandre, tant lo vialt atraire ;
 En la fin, qant il n'a que traire,
 Et li borjois en a tot trait,
 Lors li sont moult sovant retrait
 Ses enprunz, s'il li fait enui ;
 Car onques borjois ne quenui
 Qui povre chevalier amast,
 Ne qui volantiers s'acointast
 De lecheor à povre robe :
 Borjois n'aime ome, s'il ne l' robe ;
 Jà tant n'ert sages ne cortois.
 Itel borjon ont li borjois.

III. The RIBALDS (*ribaldi*), to whom the terms *lechers* (*leccatores*),
harlots, and various others, were applied, formed a large class of

society in the feudal ages, including the worst portion of the population, those who lived upon the rich and earned their life by low and degrading offices. They were in fact men devoid of character and of moral principle. They are frequently alluded to in medieval writers. Barbazan has published *Le credo au ribaut*, (tom. iv. p. 445), and *Le paternostre au ribaus*.* And among the works of Rutebeuf there is a brief poem entitled *Li diz des ribaux de greive* (tom. i. p. 209, ed. Jubinal.) This class included the minstrels and joglours, as well as women of ill-fame. There is a very curious poem, printed by M. Robert in a brief collection of *Fabliaux Inédits* (Paris, 1834) and by M. Jubinal in his notes to Rutebeuf (tom. i. p. 331) entitled *Les deux troveors ribaux*, in which two jogelours are introduced contending for superiority in their avocation. The following piece, in the Berne MS., bears the title *escomeniemenz au lecheor* (MS. Berne, No. 354, fol. 47, r^o); in a manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris (from which it is here printed) it bears the incorrect title *L'escomeniement aus jalous*, which has been hastily given by the scribe from the words of the first line. The language is characteristic of the infamous class to which it refers.

THE RIBALD'S EXCOMMUNICATION.

[From MS. Bibl. Royale, No. 7218, fol. 194.]

Li escomeniemenz au lecheor.

J'escommeni toz les jalous.
 Qui de lor fames ne sont cous.
 J'escommeni povre orguillous,
 Et moien homme delitous,
 Et jone homme relegious,
 Et fol vilain luxurios.
 J'escommeni, non pas à gas,
 Qui bien menjue, s'il n'est gras,
 Et qui a fame et fout ses dras,
 Et tavernier qui n'a hanas;
 Riche homme qui afuble sas.

* This is the same poem as that of which I have given a fragment in the Introduction to the Poems attributed to Walter Mapes, p. xl, under the title of *Paternostre aus gouliardois*. I may take this observation of stating that there is an early French version of the Latin poem *De Phillide et Flora*, ib. p. 258, entitled *Ci commence de Florance et de Blanche-flor*, alias, *Jugement d'amour*, printed in Barbazan, tom. iv, p. 354, which I overlooked when editing the work just alluded to.

J'escommeni moine qui sone ;
Mais j'aim celui qui fout et done,
Et va seoir joust la tonne,
Et dist, " Traiez sor sette gonne."
J'escommeni la grant mesnie
Qui refuse char et aillie,
Et la dame bien ensigne
Qui fet bone toile dougie,
Dont sa chemise est rembougie.
J'escommeni sanz nule aloingne,
De par St. Pierre de Couloingne,
Qui premiers planta eschaloingne ;
Qui sa fame ne bat et coingne
Ansi com toile de Borgoingne.
J'escommeni, et si ai droit,
Vielle putain qui se recroit,
Et moine qui en cloistre poit,
Et qui va foutre sans vit roit,
Et qui roeille s'il ne voit ;
Homme qui tramble s'il n'a froit.
J'escommeni les useriers,
Et les provos et les voiers ;
Vilain qui devient chevaliers ;
Juggleors qui n'est mencongiers.
J'escommeni qui foutre n'ose,
Et pecheor qui het alose,
Et homme las qui ne repose.
J'escommeni putain gouesche ;
Vielle putain qui se fet fresche,
Quar toz jors art de foutre et seche.
J'escommeni à .i. seul mot
Sage homme qui resamble sot,
Et eschacier qui va le trot ;
Riche homme pui conte son pot
A cels qui sont à son escot.
Encor escommeni-je plus
Riche homme qui ferme son huis,
Et va mengier en solier sus.
J'escommeni qui Dieu n'apele ;
Et que vers son seignor revele ;
Et chevalier qui monte en sele,
Qui het amor de damoisele.
J'escommeni, qui que s'en rie,
Juyf qui croit sainte Marie ;

Et nonain qui ist d'abeie,
 Quar tant por sont de foible vie,
 Que toz jors ont de foutre envie.
 J'escommeni orde putain,
 Puisqu'ele tient le cul en vain,
 Et le vit fiert jusqu'à l'estrain ;
 Et qui pestrit s'il n'a le vain.
 J'escommeni tout autrement,
 De par Jhesu omnipotent,
 Le pledeor qui het argent,
 Et qui ne fet faus jugement.
 J'escommeni, quar Dieu envie,
 Chevalier qui à four s'apuia ;
 Et bouchier qui vent porc por truie ;
 Et homme qui file desnue ;
 Et dame qui bien ne s'essuie.
 J'escommeni qui chemin ere ;
 Et enfant qui n'aime sa mere ;
 Provoire qui ne se fet rere ;
 Clerc qui ne set chanter ne lere.
 J'escommeni au diemaine
 Le jougleor qui het estraine ;
 Et charretier qui het avaine ;
 Et homme mort qui puis alaine.
 Je les escommeni et nouce,
 Homme morveus qui ne se mouche.
 J'escommeni de par le pape
 Vilain qui à nazelin lape ;
 Et qui roisin apele grape ;
 Et qui sa bele fame entrape ;
 Qui mantel afuble sus chape,
 Acheminée ;
 Et lechoer qui het peurée
 Et bone savor destemprée.
 J'escommeni en ceste lingne
 Vieille putain qui ne se guingne,
 Et la jone qui ne pingne.
 J'escommeni tout demanois
 Cels qui forment claiment tremois,
 Et qui les .iiij. apele .iiij.,
 Et qui Norment tient por Anglois
 Et Angevin por Hurepois.
 J'escommeni tout sanz faloe
 Le fevre qui cheval n'encloe,

Et chevalier qui fet la moe,
 Et lecheor qui se tient doe.
 J'escommeni tout sanz droiture
 Tavernier à loial mesure,
 Et provost qui aime droiture.
 J'escommeni tout entrefait
 Norrice qui n'a point de lait
 Quant li enfès à soi le trait;
 Et qui le fol maine à son plait,
 Se il à escient le fet.
 J'escommeni povre mercier,
 Qui n'ose monstrier son mestier,
 Qui prent maaïlle por denier,
 Quar il n'i puet riens gaaïgnier.
 J'escommeni sanz nule faille
 Oiseleur qui ne prent quaille;
 Et qui achate blé por paille;
 Et changeor qui argent baille,
 Qui prent puioise por maaïlle.
 J'escommeni le marcheaunt
 Qui ne gaaingne poi ou grant;
 Fame qui gete son enfant;
 Et lecheor qui vin espant.
 J'escommeni pute espousée
 Qui de lecheor n'est privée.
 J'escommeni tout sans noisier
 Qui eve boit à son mengier,
 Por que il ait vin en celier,
 Ne tonel mis sor son chantier.
 Honis soit-il de saint Richier
 Qui se blasme de son mestier!
 Or les escommeni trestous,
 Fors seul putains et lecheours.
 Que Diex les mete à granz honors!
 Toz jors portent chapiaus de flors!
 Or assoudrai, goi pue nus die,
 Qui tient le hanap, se il pie
 Tant qu'il ait la teste estordie.

I have already stated that the class of *ribalds* included women of ill-fame. The following short but curious poem insinuates that these latter owed their support chiefly to the Romish clergy, while the other sex lived upon the superfluities of the knights. It may be observed that very imperfect abstracts of this and the preceding

poem are given in the last edition of *Le Grand d'Aussi's Fabliaux et Contes*.

DES PUTAINS ET DES LECHEORS.

[From MS. Berne, No. 354, fol. 42, r^e.]

Quant Diex ot estoré le monde,
 Si con il est à la reonde,
 Et quanqu'il convint dedanz,
 Trois ordres establi de genz,
 Et fist el siecle demoranz,
 Clers et chevaliers, laboranz.
 Les chevaliers toz asena
 As terres, et as clers dona
 Les aumosnes et les dimages;
 Puis asena les laborages
 As laboranz, por laborer.
 Quant ce ot fait, sans demorer
 D'iluec parti s'en ala.
 Quant il s'en partoît, veu a
 Une torbe de tricheors,
 Si con putains et lecheors;
 Poi ot alé, quant l'aprochierent
 A crier entr'ax commencierent;
 "Estez, sire, parlez à nos,
 Ne nos lessiez; o alez vos?
 Darrien que somes asené,
 Si avez as autres doné."
 Nostre sire s'es esgarda,
 Quant les oi, si demanda
 .S.* qui o lui estoit,
 De cele gent qui là estoit.
 "C'est une gent," fet-il, "sorfete,
 Que vos avez autresi fete,
 Con cax qui de vos moult se fient,
 Si huient après vos et crient
 Que lor faciez asenement."
 Nostre sires, isnelement,
 Ancois que riens lor respondist,
 As chevaliers vint, si lor dist,
 "Vos cui les terres abandoi,
 Les lecheors vos bail et doin,
 Que vos d'ax grant cure preigniez,

* Sic MS. perhaps a word is wanting, and it should be *S. Pierre*,
 (St. Peter.)

Et qu'entor vos les retaigniez,
 Que il n'aient de vos soufraite
 Ne ma parole ne soit fraite ;
 Mès donez lor à lor demant.
 Et à vos, saignor clerc, conmant
 Les putains moult bien à garder ;
 Issi le vos voil commander."
 Selonc cestui commandement
 Ne font-il nul trespasement ;
 Car il les tienent totes chieres,
 Si lest tienent à beles chieres,
 Del miex qu'il ont, et del plus bel.
 Selonc lou sens de mon fablel,
 Se vos l'avez bien entendu,
 Sont tuit li chevalier perdu,
 Qui les lecheors tienent vis,
 Et d'ax les font sovent eschis,
 Aler les font sovent deschauz.
 Mès putains ont peliçons chaux,
 Doubles mantiax, doubles sorcoz.
 Petit truevent de tiels escoz
 Li lecheors as chevaliers ;
 Et si sont-il moult bons parliers ;
 Ne lor donent for viex drapiax,
 Et petit de lor bons morsiax :
 En gitant, con as chiens, lor ruent.
 Mès putains sovent robes muent,
 Avec les clers cochent et lievent,
 Et sor lor depanses enbrievent.
 Li clerc lo font por ax salver ;
 Mès li chevaliers sont aver
 As lecheors ; si se traissent,
 Quant del commandement Dieu issent.
 Mès ce ne font li clerc noiant ;
 Il sont large, et obediant
 As putains ; l'oeuvre le tesmoingne :
 Et despendent lor patremoinne,
 Et les biens au crucefié
 En tel gent sont-il employé,
 Des rentes, des dismes, lo bien.
 A cest conte font li clerc bien
 Desor toz les autres que font.
 Se mes fabliax dit voir, donc sont
 Par cest conmant li clerc sauvé,
 Et li chevalier sont dampné.

IV. The CLERGS. No class of society was more frequently a subject of satire in the poetry of the middle ages than the clergy. Their general character for morality was exceedingly low ; and, as we have already seen in the foregoing poem, their most general vice appears to have been incontinency, which was a natural result of the Romish system of celibacy. The following poem recommends an effective precaution against the corruption of the clergy in this respect.

DES CLERS.

[MS. Berne, No. 354, fol. 57, r^e.]

Ci commance des clers.

Par S. Guillaume de Pontoise,
 La rien des clers, dont plus me poise,
 Je ne sai se raison lo done,
 Si est que ausi grant corone
 A li fos clers comme li sages.
 De ce di-je que c'est oltrages,
 Que quant avient que il asanblent,
 As corones si s'antresanblent
 Igaument, que je ne connois
 L'arcevesque de l'arcemois.
 Si fust droiz que chascuns eust,
 Selonc la lettre qu'il saust,
 Corone faite à sa meniere :
 L'an en tondist maint par darriere,
 Et par encoste, et par devant,
 De lonc, de lé, et en pandant,
 Et en bellonc et en travers ;
 Lors fussent-il assez devers,
 S'an saust en lo maistre eslire.
 Mais ore n'en savon que dire,
 Que li plus fox, quant vient à feste,
 Sanble ligistre de la teste.
 Si en connois assez de tex,
 Qui n'ont pas si bien lor autex ;
 Lor autex, mé lor meschines ;
 Maux feus lor arde les eschines !
 Dex ! moie corpe, mais c'est max,
 Des prevoires qui sont si fax,
 Que lor aornemanz sont sales,
 Et les ordes jumanz, les pales,
 Ont les rices ginples loiées.
 Ne sont pas si bien poploïées

Les asnesses con eles deussent :
 Et se li haut prelat aussent
 Deu amor, n'alast pas ensi.
 Qui plus a l'esvesque servi,
 Plus sera enoré au sone.
 Et en Marz que l'an les ordone,
 Lors doivent aler li prevoire
 As ordres, si vont à la foire,
 Por ce foire que, qant i movent,
 Cez qui plus grant chatel esmovent,
 Plus seront enorés à cort,
 Por la simonie qui cort.
 Ne là bons clers, tant lise bien,
 S'il n'a de quoi il die "tien,"
 Ni ert ordonez, por rien qui die.
 Or di-je, qui que me desdie,
 Qu'il fait pechié qui enpersone
 Les autres clers, et qui lor done
 Les granz rantes que il despendent
 En mauvais us, et totjorz tandent
 A mal faire tant con il vivent.
 Trop sevent clers de mauvais art;
 Jà n'ert fame qui d'ax ce gart,
 C'ele iert contesse o meresse,
 Qu'il ne facent lor volanté,
 A trez que soit lonc terme passé.
 Por ce, di-je, bien exploitast,
 Qui toz les enfanz escoillast
 Qui doivent estre à letre mis :
 Ensi fust bien, ce m'est avis,
 Que l'an les senast toz à lait,
 Tot autresin comme l'an fait
 Un porcel o une autre beste.
 Tex herbergast clerc, par ma teste,
 Qui n'en ose nul herbergier,
 Que par nuit ne s'alast couchier,
 Quant à pissier levez seroit,
 En tel leu o il ne devroit,
 Se l'uis de la chanbre est desfers.
 Ci fenist li fabliax des clers.

Ci fenist des clerz.

In the following fabliau, taken also from the Berne MS., the reader will see in what light the clergy, and even the dignitaries of the church, figured in the popular tales of the middle ages. There

can be no doubt that it is a correct picture, though a little caricatured, of the time. It must not be forgotten that these tales were repeated at the tables of the barons and princes, and very frequently in the presence of the clergy themselves. I have suppressed the title which this poem bears in the MS., which however is given in the description of its contents in M. Jubinal's *Lettre au directeur de l'Artiste*. A brief abstract of this fabliau is given in the last edition of *Le Grand d'Aussy*. A more modern story, containing many points of analogy to this fabliau, will be found in the *Contes et Joyeux Devis* of Bonaventure des Periers, Nouvelle xxxvi, *Du curé et de sa chambrière ; et de sa lexive qu'il lavoit ; et comment il traita son évêque et ses chevaux, et tout son train*.

THE BISHOP AND THE PRIEST.

[From MS. Berne, No. 354, fol. 88, v*.]

Uns evesques jadis estoit,
 Qui moult volantiers s'acointoit
 De dames et de damoiseles ;
 Qu'il en trovoit asez de beles,
 Et il lor donoît largement.
 Por ce faisoient son conmant ;
 Car totes beent mais au prendre,
 Et cil qui ne lor a que tandre,
 N'en aura jamais bon servise,
 Ceste costume ont aprise.
 Près de la cité de Baies,
 Ice m'est avis à .ij. liues,
 Ot li evesques un repaire :
 Riche maison i ot fait faire,
 Je ne sai la vile vo nomer ;
 Sovent s'i aloit deporter
 Li evesques, qant i voloît,
 Por ce que loin de vile estoit.
 Uns prestes estut en la vile
 Qui moult sot d'angin et de guile ;
 Sa fame avec lui avoit
 Li prestes, que il moult amoit,
 Et moult estoit preuz et cortoise :
 Et à l'evesque moult en poise,
 Si li a par mainte foiz dit,
 Et devée et contredit,
 Que il l'ostast de sa maison.
 Li prestes, par bele raison,

Li dist que sofrir ne s'an puet.
 " Par noz ordres faire l'estuet,"
 Dit li evesques araumant,
 " Ou autremant je vos deffant
 Que vos ne bevez jà de vin."
 " Sire, foi que doi St. Martin,"
 Fait li prestes, " ainz m'an tandrai
 De vin, si que n'en buvrai."
 Atant repaire en sa maison
 Li prestes, et met à raison
 Li prestes,* que il là trovée :
 " Par Deu," fait-il, " dame Auberée,
 Or m'est il trop mal avenu,
 Que l'evesques m'a deffandu
 A boivre vin, et devée."
 " Voire, sire, par les sainz Dé,
 Jà en bevez-vos volantiers ;
 Or est-il trop vostre guerriers,
 Qui vin à boivre vos deffant :
 Biau sire, son commandement
 Covient tenir, jà n'en bevroiz ;
 Mais, par foi, os lo humeroiz ;
 Qant li boivres vos est véez,
 Li humers vos est conmandez,
 De par moi, si lo vos enseing."
 Li prestes n'ot mie en desdaing
 Ce que la dame conmanda,
 Li boivre laissa, si huima,
 Qant lui plot, et mestier en ot,
 Tant que li evesques lo sot :
 Je ne sai qui l'an encuza.
 Lo provoire tantost manda,
 Si li deffant que il gardast
 Que jamais d'oie ne manjast,
 Tant con sa fame aust o lui.
 " Sire," fait-il, " à grant enui
 Me torne ce, et à contrere,
 Que vos me conmandez à faire ;
 Mais tot ce ne vos vaut noiant,
 Je ne m'en irai pas riant."
 Li prestes plus n'i demora,
 A sa fame tot reconta
 Con il a les oes perdues,

* An error of the MS. for *la prestesse*.

L'evesques li a deffendues :
" Dame," fait-il, " juré li ai,
Jamais d'oe ne mangerai."
" Voire," fait-ele, " est-il ensi ?
Moult vos a ore maubailli,"
Fait ele, " li vilains escharz ;
Par foi vos manjeroiz des jarz
A planté, qui que s'an repante,
Car vos en avez plus de .xxx."
" E non Deu," fait-il, " je l' creant."
Ensinc lo refist longuemant,
Tant qu'à l'evesques refu dit,
Et cil li refait contredit,
Que jamais ne gise sor coute.
" Par foi, çï a parole estote,"
Fait li prestes, " que vos me dites ;
Je ne sui reclus ne hermites ;
Mais des qu'il vos vient à plaisir,
Par quoi je n'i doie-je gesir ?"
" Ensinc lo t'estuet-il à faire."
Atant se r'est mis au repaire,
A sa fame se r'est clamé ;
Et cele dit, " Oïr poez
Grant rage, et grant forsenerie ;
Bien sai que ne vos aime mie
Li evesques, ne m'a point chier ;
Mais tot ce ne li a mestier,
Ne ne monte .ij. engevins :
Un lit vos ferai de cousins ;
Bien le ferai soef et mol."
" Dame, foi que je doi saint Pol,"
Fait li prestes, " vos dites bien,
Or ne lo dot-je mais de rien,
Puis q'ainsinc m'avez conseillé."
Après ce n'a gaires targié
Li evesques, que il ala
En la vile, si demora
Une semaine tote entiere,
Ainz que il retornast arriere.
Une borjoise en la vile ot
Que li evesques moult amot,
Q'à chascune nuit, sanz faillir,
Aloit avoquer li gesir,
Qu'el ne voloit à lui aler,
Por promece, ou por doner,

Tant estoit fiere et orgueilleuse,
 Envers l'evesque desdaignose.
 Tant c'une nuit, si con moi sanble,
 Durent endui gesir ensanble ;
 Ensinc l'avoient porposé.
 Mais trestote la verité
 En sot li prestes auramant,
 Qui moult avoit lo cuer dolant
 De ce que l'evesques li dit
 Que fame avec li ne tenist :
 Si l'an remanbre encore bien,
 Et dit que ne l'aura por rien,
 C'à la borjoise n'aut parler.
 Maintenant, sanz plus arester,
 S'an va à li, si li a dit,
 " Dame, se li cors Deu m'ait,
 Grant mestier ai de vostre aie ;
 Gardez que vos ne me failliez mie,
 Que jamais ne vos ameroie."
 " Sire," fait-ele, " se l' savoie
 Chose dont il vos fust mestier,
 Je l' feroie moult volantiers ;
 Or me dites vostre plaisir."
 " Dame, ne lo vos quier taisir,"
 Fait li prestes, " ne vos anuit :
 Li evesques qui doit anuit
 O vos gesir en vostre lit,
 Et de vos faire son delit,
 Que l'an lo m'a dit et conté,
 Si me faites tant de bonté,
 Conme m'amie et ma voisine,
 Que vos darriere la cortine
 Me laissez respondre et tapir ;
 Bien lo vos cuit encor merir,
 Se tant volez faire por moi."
 " Par foi," fait-ele, " je l'otroi ;
 Ce ferai-je moult liéemant ;
 Alez donques delivremant,
 Si vos muciez, et reponez,
 Volantiers qant vos lo volez."
 Lors se muce et atapine,
 Et caiche darrier la cortine,
 Tant que li jorz s'an fu alez.
 Adonc ne s'est pas obliez

Li evesques, qui venir dut :
A tot .iiij. serjanz s'esmut,
A la borjoise vint tot droit,
Qui privéemant l'atandoit,
Ni ot que li et sa bajasse.
Ne sai que plus vos en contasse,
Mais que li liz fu atornez
Qui bien estoit encortinez,
Dui cerge moult cler i ardoient,
Qui moult grant clerté gitoient.
La dame se coucha avant,
Et li evesques auraumant
Si recoucha sanz plus atandre,
Et li viz li comance à tandre
Qant il santi la dame nue,
Si volt monter, sanz atandre ;
Mais cele li contredit bien,
Et dit que il n'an fera rien.
" Sire," fait-ele, " ne vos hastez.
Se vos volez voz volantez
Faire de moi, ne de mon con,
Y covient que beneïçon
Li doigniez, et si lo seigniez
Ençoiz que vos i adessez,
Qu'il ne fu onques ordonez :
La destre main en haut levez,
Se l'beneissiez maintenant
Tot autresi hastivement
Conme vos feriez demain
La teste au fil à un vilain,
Se vos li fasiez corone."
L' evesques ot qu'el li sarmone,
Que jà à li n'aura tochié,
Tant qu'ençois ait son con seignié.
Si dist, " Dame, foi que vos doi,
Qan que vos dites, je l'otroi,
Vos lo volez, et jo voil bien,
Por ce n'i perdrai-je jà rien."
Li evesques lo con seigna,
Et puis a dit *per omnia* :
Qan qu'il fait la beneïçon,
Dit *secula seculorum* ;
Et li prestes, qui l'antandi,
Maintenant *amen* respondi.

Et li evesques, qant il l'ot,
Sachiez que grant peor en ot,
Qant a lo prevoire escoté ;
Puis a un po en haut parlé :
" Qui es-tu, qui respondu as ?"
" Sire," fait-il, " je sui li lax,
Cui tu viax sa fame tolir,
Si com il te vient à plaisir ;
Et si m'as lo vin deffendu,
Jamais par moi n'en ert beu ;
Des hui matin oi retraire,
Que tu voloies ordres faire ;
Si i voloie estre, biau sire."
Li evesques conmanche à rire,
Et dit, " Or m'as-tu espié,
Et bien surpris et engigné ;
Or te doi-je congié de boivre,
Et de mangier poucins au povre,
Et oes, qant tu en vaudrax,
Et avoc toi ta fame auras ;
Si garde que mais ne te voie."
Lors s'an torne cil à grant joie.

SECTION IV.—MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Many of the games still popular among children formed, in the middle ages, the chief amusement within doors of people of high rank ; so much has the progress of refinement driven out of fashion what we look upon as the trivialities of life. What we now call the game of forfeits, and especially games of fortune (fortune cards are still in use), were among the most popular. In the romance of *Blonde of Oxford*, which is rich in illustrations of feudal manners, we see the household of the English baron leaving the dinner table to ramble in the fields and woods around the castle, or to play in the chambers of the ladies (lin. 387)—

Après manger lavent leurs mains,
Puis s'en vont juer, qui ains ains,
Ou en forès ou en rivières,
Ou en deduis d'autres manieres.
Jehans au quel que il veut va,
Et quant il revent souvant va
Jouer es chambres la contesse,
O les dames, qui en destrece
La tiennent d'apprendre François.

These amusements are often characterised by the want of restraint in words and actions which accompanied the great licentiousness of mediæval manners. A description of one of these games is given in an extract from the poems of Baudoin and Jehan de Condé (poets of the thirteenth century), printed by Barbazan (tom. i, p. 100) under the title of *Le sentier batu*. At the time of a tournament the knights and ladies amused themselves with different games, and among the rest they played at one called *le roi qui ne ment*, in which they elected a queen and bound themselves each in turn to give a true answer to the question put to them by the lady chosen to fill that playful dignity. We are told that the knights—

Une foi ierent en dosnoi
Entre dames et damoiselles ;
De cointes i ot et de belles.
De plusieurs deduits s'entremistrent,
Et tant c'une royne fistrent
Pour jouer au *roy qui ne ment*.
Ela s'en savoit finement
Entremettre de commander,
Et de demandes demander.

The object of the questions was to provoke answers which should excite merriment. Among the knights was one who had demanded the lady in marriage, but had been refused somewhat contemptuously :—

— hien tailliez ne sembloit mie
 Pour faire ce que plect amie,
 Quant on le tient en ses bras nue ;
 Car n'ot pas la barbe cremue :
 Poi de barbe ot, s'en est eschiez,
 Et tant qu'as fames en maint liex.
 "Sire," ce li dist la royne,
 "Dites moi tant de vos covine,
 S'onques eustes nul enfant."
 "Dame," dist-il, "point ne m'en vant,
 Car onques n'en oi nul, ge croi."
 "Sire, point ne vous en mescroi,
 Et si croi que ne sui pas seule ;
 Car il pert assez à l'esteule
 Que hons n'est mie li espia."

The knight was of course laughed at by the whole company ; but he determined to take his revenge. After the queen had put a question to each of the company, they had each in their order to put a question in return. It appears that the knight was acquainted with some peccadilloes on the part of the lady, and when it was his turn to question, he said,—

" Dame, respondes moi sans guile,
 A point de poil à vo poinille ?"
 " Par foi," ce dist la damoiselle,
 " Vezci une demande helle,
 Et qui est hien assise à point :
 Sachiez qu'il n'en y a point."
 Cil li dist de vouloir entier,
 " Bien vous en croi, quar à sentier
 Qui est hatus, ne croist point d'erbe."
 Cil qui oient cest proverbe,
 Commencierent si grant risée,
 Pour la demande desguisée,
 Que cele en fu forment honteuse,
 Qui devant estoit convoiteuse
 De chose demander et dire
 De quoi les autres feist rire.

This story is told by a serious writer, as a thing quite consistent with the manners of his times ; he gives it merely as an example to show

that people who turn others into ridicule before their faces are often made ashamed of themselves.

The following very curious piece, taken from an English MS. of the reign of Edward I, (in the Bodleian library), relates to another popular game of the thirteenth century. Each of the metrical quartains of which it consists contains a personal character, good or bad, and the game appears to have been played by each lady or gentleman drawing for a character, and of course where a very bad one was drawn the drawer became an object of mirth and satire. It is evidently intended for a mixed company of both sexes, and of feudal rank, or it would not have been written in French. The singular coarseness and indelicacy of some of the quartains intended for the ladies are in close accordance with the story given above.

M. Jubinal, in a very interesting collection entitled *Jongleurs et Trouvères, ou choix de Saluts, Epitres, Réveries, et autres pièces, légères, des XIII^e et XIV^e siècles* (8vo. Paris, 1835, p. 151), has printed from a MS. at Paris a piece similar to the present, which is entitled in the MS. *Les jeux d'Aventures*. Two sets of rhymes in English of the sixteenth century, intended for a similar game, are printed in the *Reliquie Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 249, and vol. ii, p. 195: in one of these instances the distiches are in the original written on the wooden cards which then served for the game. In MS. Harl. No. 3814, part 2, there is a set of tables in Latin leonine verses for drawing fortunes, but the MS. probably belonged to some professed fortune-teller, who used them for profit and not for play.

A GAME OF CHANCE.

[From MS. Digby, No. 86, fol. 162, r^e.]

Ragemon le bon.

Deu vous dorra grant honour,
E grant joie et grant vigour,
Jà de çeo ne fauderez
Taunt cum vous viverez.

Vous fausez trop sovent vos dis,
Touz jours irrez de mal en pis :
Ore vous repentez come sage,
Ou vous averez la male rage.

Qui ben vous fest toust se repent,
Eschars estes vraiment ;
Si de çeo ne pernez garde,
A feme averez une galliarde.

Graunt joie averez de vostre amie :
Deu vous tenge longie vie !
Touz jours serez mout vaillaunt,
E voustre amie autretaunt.

Vous serez bon mesager,
Kar vistes estes et leger :
A une mensoungie tost trouver
Ne covent autre demaunder.

De vostre amie goie averez,
Quant entre vos braz la tendrez :
Mès poi la goie vous durra,
Kar ele vous enginera.

Vous serrez riches me pose,
Mès tost vous faudra la chose ;
Kar hasart et déz quarré
Vous mettrount toust à poverté.

Chens et oiseaus et deduit
Asez averez jour et nuit ;
Mès de une chose vous gardez,
Que trop avers ne seiez.

Iveresse et glotonnie,
E coveitise, et lecherie,
Ces quatre serount assis
Mout ferm en vostre quer toudis.

Quant averez tout goliné,
E le pais environné,
Au derein si vous repentirez,
E en le servise Deu morrez.

Bele femme et pute averez,
La si ben ne vous garderez ;
Enfaunz plusours averez,
Mès jà un soul ne engendrez.

La lettre dist, n'est mie fable,
Que vous estes mout veritable ;
Volounters aumones donez
As povres et as meseisez.

La damaisele ki vous prendra
Mout sovent vous gabera,
Kar ele se fra verraiment
Sovent foutre de la gent.

Vouz servirez le fiz Marie
Touz les jours de vostre vie ;
Asez averez ben et honour,
Taunt cum servirez toun seingnur.

Prodoume ne serrez jammès.
Ne preuz, ne gages, ne curteis ;
Mès faus et deloiaus serrez
Taunt cum vous viverez.

Vous resemblez ben un homme
Qui volounters le soen donne
Corteisement à la gent,
Si puissez feire longement !

Deu ! cum se pura avaunter,
Et de grant joie chaunter,
Qui vous purreit enginer,
Taunt estes faus et losenger.

Leoun de quer, fraunc de corage,
De touz vos veisins le plus sage,
Deu vous doint la male hounte,
Si nule femme vous sormounte !

Deu ! cum pura estre goious
Qui vous prendra d'espous ;
Kar faus estes et losengers,
E si estes fort mensoungers.

Orgoillous estes et fers,
Asez averez des deners,
Mès jammès ben ne frez,
Si vous ben ne purpensez.

Vous estes de trop gros grein,
E si pernez mout en vein ;
Vous quidez valer tout le mount,
E vous ne valez un estrount.

Graunt joie averez de vostre vie,
Danme-Deu le vous otrie !
E vous doint en tous declin
Repentaunce bone et fin.

Putriz estes et fort holers,
E fel et faus et pautoners,
E ben sachez, beaus amis,
Que par femme serez traiz.

Asez averez dras et viaunde,
 E quant ke voustre quer demaunde;
 Amie averez ho grant noblée,
 Bele, et bone, et ascemée.

Vous resemblez mout vaillaunt
 De cors, de membres, et puissaunt;
 Ne poez ben fere à nul fer,
 Car vous estes feint de quer.

Cortisie, çeo di-jeo ben,
 Vous faudra sour toute ren;
 Noun ras pur faute de nature,
 Mès pur defaute de noretur.

O toun vous conois asez,
 Taunt estes fel et pautoners,
 E plein de ire et coveitous,
 Si vous en blament li plusours.

Joie n'averez de vostre vie;
 Kar gelous estes de ta amie:
 Mès ne lerad pur ta mestrie,
 Que au derein ne seit honie.

Jeo vous pri au definer
 Lessez vostre folie ester;
 Kar fel estes et mal parlaunt,
 Que au vif diable vous comaunt.

Cortisie et enseingnement
 Apernez et afeitement;
 Kar nature est en vous mise,
 De doun celui ki tout justise.

Qui vous prendra à espous,
 Trop ert lede et trop hidous,
 Ganglant et fel et plain de ire,
 E vous la baterez cume sire.

Meuz amerez od une pucele,
 En verger ou en praele,
 Pur toucher sur la mamele,
 Que le jeu de la frestele.

Quant le pais et la cuntrée
 Querez toute u serchée,
 La plus pire prendrez
 De tous ceus ki d'amie avez.

Dedein avez de ta parole,
 Kar veriz estes de male escole,
 Que ne volez oves la gent parler,
 E deduire et auneiser.

Jolifs estes et ameraus,
 Mout fotez en nuiz, en jours ;
 Jà si lede ne troverez,
 Que volounters ne la fouterez.

Mout estes de bone entente,
 Asez averez deners et rente ;
 Rouncins, palefrais i averez,
 Des armes alosez serrez.

Orgoilous estes et fers,
 Wers larcine mout legers,
 Fel et faus et medisaunt,
 Si serrez touz jours avaunt.

Jeo vous pri par charité,
 Lessez voustre rigolé,
 Dount puras à bon chef trere,
 Si ne volez le mal fere.

Quant amie ou femme averas,
 En grant daunger viveras ;
 Si ose ne serrez ne si fol,
 De countredire de une parol.

Deu vous dura, si lui plest,
 Ceo ki mester vous est ;
 Si vou[s] lui servez à gré,
 Tai gardera del maufé.

Mout as despendu par folie
 Ta doctrine, et par mestr[i]e,
 Que ne volez à nul ben trere,
 Ne après nus sage fere.

Tu irras en autre tere
 Long tens pur ta cheaunce quere ;
 Mès au derein retur verez,
 Qu'od grant joie et grant noblez.

Bloundette, doucette estes, et bele,
 Durette avez la mamele ;
 Ben se purrad celui vaunter,
 Qui un feze vous poet beiser.

Savez ke ert vostre mester
 De medire et de tencer,
 E de fere bons amis
 Ben toust morteus enemis.
 Corteise estes et ben apris,
 Sages en fez et en dis,
 Le los averez et le pris
 De toutes celes de toun pais.
 Un prodoume averez à baroun;
 Mès vous li frez grant treisun:
 Vous durrez quaut ke il avera,
 E un autre te fotira.
 Tout le mounde vous amera,
 Taunt cum vie vous durra;
 De toute gent serrez preisé
 E enhausé et honouré.
 Damaisele, n'est pas gas,
 Qui te n'ait ne te conut pas;
 Vous ressemblez ben minote,
 Si estes forte baudestrote.
 En touz lius serrez vous amée,
 E enhaucé, et honourée,
 Pur vostre grant curteisie,
 Deu vous tenge longe vie!
 Bele sere, ne vous coroucez,
 Si de vous dis mes volountez:
 Sovent avez esté fotue
 Cul descobert et jaunbe nue.

The following piece in English, from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, of the fifteenth century, is precisely of the same character as the preceding. It would appear from the title that the name of the game was *Ragman*: the title of the French copy is *Ragman the good*. It is well known that the charter by which the Scots acknowledged their dependence on the English crown under Edward I, was popularly called a *ragman roll*; and the name was afterwards applied to other rolls. The origin of the name has been a subject of much doubt. In the chronicle of Lanercost we are told that the Scottish deed just mentioned was called *ragman* on account of the number of seals of the Scottish nobility which hung from it.* It

* Unum instrumentum sive cartam subjectionis et homagii faciendi regibus Angliæ . . . a Scottis propter multa sigilla dependentia *ragman* vocabatur. Chronicon de Lanercost, ed Stevenson, p. 261.

appears by the beginning of the following poem that, in the game of *Ragman*, the person seeking his character drew a string, which indicated the stanza that was to be applied to him. If we suppose (which appears to me very probable) that the stanzas were written one after another on a roll of parchment, that to each stanza a string was attached at the side, with a seal or piece of metal or wood at the end, and that, when used, the parchment was rolled up, with all the strings and their seals hanging together so that the drawer had no reason for choosing one more than another, but drew one of the strings by mere chance, on which the roll was opened to see on what stanza he had fallen: if such were the form of the game, we can very easily imagine why the name was popularly applied to a charter with an unusual number of seals attached to it, which when rolled up would present exactly the same appearance.

In the sequel the word *ragman* appears to have been used very generally for any comprehensive list of articles of all sorts arranged without any order, not "drawn up *secundum regimen*," as the compiler of the index to the Towneley Mysteries supposes. In the play of Juditium, in this work, Tutivillus, one of the devils who had been busily employed in catching people sinning, says, (p. 311),—

Here a *rolle of ragman* of the rownde tabille,
Of bresses in my bag, man, of synnes dampnabilla.

The words "of the rownde tabilla" have perhaps an allusion to some characteristic of the game. The word occurs twice in *Piers Ploughman*. The first instance is a remarkable illustration of what has been said above: it relates to the pardoner (lin. 135),

Ther preched a pardoner,
As ha a preest were;
Broughte forth a *bulle*
With many bisshopes seles,
And seide that hymself myghte
Assoilen hem alle.

• • • • •

He bouched hem with his brevet,
And blered hire eighen,
And raughte *with his rageman*
Rynges and broches.

Here the *ragman* is the bull *with many seals*. In the other passage of this poem it is applied to the devil, (lin. 10,978),—

To go robbe that *rageman*,
And reve the fruyt fro hym.

This is perhaps another word, compounded of *rage* and *mad*, and signifying a fury or wanton.

RAGMAN ROLL.

[From MS Fairfax, No. 16.]

Here begynnyth Ragmane roelle.

My ladyes and my maistresses echone,
 Lyke hit unto your humbyble wommanhede,
 Resave in gré of my sympill persone
 This rolle, which withouten any drede
 Kynge Ragman me bad me sowe in brede,
 And cristyned yt the merour of your chaunce ;
 Drawith a stryng, and that shal streight yow leyde
 Unto the verry path of your governaunce.

Thankyth me not, ne konneth me no grame,
 Whedir your chaunce oon or othir be ;
 As he me bad to write I wrot the same,
 And eke ye wot wel at your choys be ye :
 Yf that ye drawe wel, yt plesith me,
 And the contrarye doth me dysplesaunce.
 Fortunes cours certeyn ye may not flee,
 Pray hir of helpe, ye hange in her balaunce.

Whom that her lykyth makyth she ascende ;
 And him as swithe overthroyth also ;
 Her nature ys to apparyn and amende,
 She changyth ever, and fletyth to and fro,
 For in oo poynt abydyth she never mo.
 Yf ye welle ones happyd, I yow reyde,
 Chesith lest eft falle hit no more so ;
 For ay lest ye mysdrawn I me drede.

O worlde, thogh thou be large in circuyt,
 Within thy bowndes nys ther creature
 So fortunat, ne stondyth in such a plyt,
 As this lady whom that dame Nature
 Hath fourmyde so that ther ys no mesure
 Be whiche men may her shappe and beauté mete.
 He that is lorde of vertu hath his cure
 Eke one her kyd, and kan no fyrthir trete.

A smal conceyt may ryght enogh suffyse,
 Of your beauté discripcion for to make ;
 For at one word, ther kan no wyght devyse
 Oone that therof hath lasse, I undirtake ;

Yf that the feende hymself wolde have a make,
 Ys none to hym so lyke as ye allone.
 He that yow seith, and sykyth for your sake,
 I pray to God that evere he syke and grone.

Your colour fresshe, your percyng eyen gray,
 Your shap and your womanly governaunce,
 Constraynyn men of grace yow to pray,
 That day fro day sojournyn in penaunce
 Tille that yow lyst hem sendyn alegaunce;
 But al for noght, Danger, that deynous wreche,*
 So chastyth peté frome your remembraunce,
 That to your grace may ther no wyght strecche.

To chirche as swyftly as a snayl ye hey,
 But to the temple of Bachus, the taverne,
 To moystyn ther your appetitys drey,
 Ful spedful ye rennyn and ful yerne;
 And whoso lyst may thressyn in your berne,
 So ys your hert fre and lyberalle.
 O Danger, of theys wenien maystow lerne,
 Frendly to ben and compaynable at al.

Syn ye were first unto your make y-knyt,
 Wel han ye kept your chambre of preveté;
 For hardely may no mane sey as yet,
 That with your bodé foleyed han ye.
 And now cometh age, foo to your beauté,
 And stelyngly it wastyth stownde-inele;
 But pacienly your benygnyté
 Taketh alle in gré, and gruccheth never a dele.

Whoso that yow beholdyth well, and seyth
 Your roncléd face and your rawe eyen tweyne,
 Your shrunkyn lyppis and your gowuldyn tethe,
 How may he lyve fro dystresse and payne,
 But yf that he unto your grace atteyne,
 And at a revell for to se yow hoppe?
 Ys joy y-now so ye your lyggys streyne,
 Ye lade longe sydyde as a loppe.

The digne and puyr estat of vrgynité
 The feende ne may oute of your hart chace;
 And yet his snares besely beereth hee

* An allusion to the allegorical personification of Danger in the *Roman de la Rose*.

From day to day, but noght he may purchase,
 So hath yow God endowyd of his grace,
 And sent yow constant spirit of vygour.
 O feende, thy snares ley in othir place,
 For al in ydel here is thy labour.

Lat se who can this woman cowneterfete,
 Of yche estat she hayth compassyon ;
 The ryche hir wynneth with his gyftys grete ;
 The poore, for his faire condycion ;
 The bisshop, for his absolucyon ;
 The priste, the clerk, for her syngyng swete ;
 Knyghtis and squyers, for armys and renoun ;
 Yomen and grome, for thay styfly sheyt.

Ryght as the sonne is the worldys eye,
 That to the daylyght yevythe a shynynge,
 And all fruyt causyth to wexe and multiplie
 Thorgh his atempre kyndely noryshynge,
 Wythoutyn whom none erthly fruyt may spryng,
 Ryght so your bewté sprad hath hys bryghtnes
 In the hert of every jentylman lyvyng,
 And fedyth wyth joye and wyth gladnes.

Gret wondir ys wher that ye han the blast
 That ye brethyng out, syth ye so meche spende ;
 For also sounne as oo chydyng ys paste,
 Anothir cometh, your talkyng hath none ende.
 Upone your tonge a lokk I pray God sende !
 For yf hit go thus at his large,
 Ful many a man hyt shal hurte and offende,
 So sore that thay shul not bere the charge.

Seyth God first bonde wyth lok of mareage
 Man and woman, to lede ther lyf in fere,
 Was never woman of no maner age
 So gud and trew and lovyng to her fere,
 As ye, ne hath his honour half so dere ;
 And for to speke of your pacience
 In special, may none with yow apere,
 Suche ys your vertu and yowr excellence.

O constaunt womane, stabill as the mone,
 Your trouth kept ye never in no manere,
 But wheras Wenus actys ben to done,
 At day, at place, at hour sette for to appere
 With suche one as yow list make chere ;

Ther byn ye prest to perfowrym your graunt,
 But yf another heyir yow so deyre
 That ye mot nedis brekyn coveuant.

Wel shewen ye that of a jentyll lyne
 Ye ben dyscendyd, for your dedys preyf;
 Ther may no wyght your hert make enclyne
 To thing, that may other harme or greyf,
 Ne wykkyd report of no body leve;
 And fro your tunge passe no thinge may,
 But suche fruyt as may vertu sterve and meve,
 That ys your besynes and hath ben ay.

Ful feire brydelyn ye your cowntenaunce,
 And propirly unto the brest adowne,
 And your foot ye tappyn and ye daunce,
 Thogh hit the fryskyst horse were in a towne;
 Joly and lyght is your complexicion,
 That steryn ay and kunne nat stonde still;
 And eke your tonge hath not forgete his sowne,
 Quyk, sharp, and swyft is hyt, and lowyd and shill.

Mercurie, that God clepyd is of langage,
 To yow hath yevyn so gret eloquence,
 That every wyght hath desir and corage
 For to aproche and neyghen your presence;
 And therto han ye suche benevolence
 With every jantylman to speke and deylle
 In honesté, and yiffe hem audience,
 That seeke folke restoryn ye to helle.

Wel wot your husband that ye ben mercialle,
 Your tonge and eke your handys yt wittenesse;
 For ye so bowndyn han mayd hym and so thrall,
 That not oo word unneth dar he expresse,
 No loke nethir, so your crabbydnes
 Hath in awayt his wordys and his cheir;
 Weyr he unknytte, al this worldes rychesse
 Ne myght noght yow two knyttyn in feir.

Now, ladyes, that stondyne now in lyberté,
 Of your gude and bodé han maistré,
 Ful warre and wis and ryght dyscreyt ben ye,
 For may no mannys sleight me flateré,
 Thogh they her malys inwarde kevir and wrye,
 And outfouryth the fayryst that they kane,
 To mareage make yow for to heyre,
 So wel know ye the gret untroueth of mane.

O fayr lady, hewyd as ys the geet,
 How ye al fairen with your lokes glade,
 Natures lusteys in yow weyren so gret,
 That she unnethes roghte how she yow made;
 Not nedyth yt yow to kepe yow in the shayde,
 For your beauté noght hurte may the sonne;
 In loves art men must deype wade,
 Or that ye be conquestyd and e-wonne.

Constant in vertu, flemer of malyce,
 Trew of your worde, of wordys mesurable,
 Benigne and gracios, al voyd of vyce,
 Humbil of speryt, discreyt and honourable,
 Shaply and fayre, jocunde and ameabille,
 Frendly and al passyng of franchyse,
 Relever to the pore and socourabill
 Ben ye, and werry foo to coveytise.

Although your chekys leyn ben and thynne,
 Upon your teyth ne ys it not alonge,
 For also faste ye may powron ynne,
 Al be the morsel never so greyt and longe,
 Yit in yt goth, and drynkyn so amonge,
 Tyl your even negh han her strengthe lost;
 And afir that ye coghyn up a songe,
 So mery that it ys not worth the coste.

Your ryche aray, ne your excelent birth,
 Not makyn yow the prowdir for to be;
 The porest wyght that ys in honest myrth,
 With for to dele most ys your deynté;
 Your hert ys roted in humylyté,
 And aquented nothing wyth his contrarye,
 And to the pore ye yevyne gret plenté
 Of your good, where itt ys necessarye.

Your gyse ys for to holde men in hande,
 And wyth your eye feyed her blyndnesse,
 And send hem tokynys, wherby undirstonde
 Thay may and deme, as be lyklynes,
 That in the favour of your gentilles
 Her pore estat weyr souldell recomended;
 But covertly ye of your dowbilnes
 Bejapen hem, thus al day ben men blyndyd.

Where have ye ben thus longe y-hyd in mewe,
 So womanly that daunce kan and synge?

What woman ys of love or was so trewe,
 Or therynne hath or hadde halfe your felynge ?
 None syth the world frist hadde begynnyng;
 And sythen ye be so jocunde and so good,
 And in the rolle last as in wrytynge,
 I rede that this game ende in your hood.

Explicit Ragman roelle.

The pieces which follow are specimens of the lyric poetry of our forefathers in the thirteenth century, written in the three languages then in use, Anglo-Norman, English, and Latin. The first (as far as I can discover) adds a name to the list of our Anglo-Norman song writers, and is not an unfavourable specimen of their talents for this class of compositions. It was kindly pointed out to me by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, who found it in a bundle of miscellaneous Exchequer documents in her Majesty's Remembrancer's Office. It is written as prose on a small square piece of parchment, in a hand apparently of the earlier part of the thirteenth century. The first stanza is accompanied with musical notes. A rude figure of a coronet is drawn after *de* in the name. Hoiland is probably the district of that name in Lincolnshire, of which we may suppose the poet to have been a native.

SONG BY RENAUD DE HOILANDE.

Renaus de Hoilande.

Si tost c'amis entant à ben amer,
 prant garde amours, si doit merchi avoir,
 Qui se garde pora à celi donner
 qui servi l'a si qu'il i doit paroir.
 Por çou ai-jou tel voloir
 que je ne voel mie
 que ma dame eust m'amie
 esté lors que je levi
 pour autre tour, s'estre pooit ensi.
 Car on peut ben à le fois trop haster,
 et se doit ben cascons amans savoir
 C'amours ne veut nus des siens oublier,
 mais selonc chou que cascons a d'espoir,
 a amours d'aidier pooir ;
 et se fait ele partie,
 quant ele entant c'amis prie,
 con cieus qui ben a servi,
 amours le fait nommer de dame ami.

En çou me doi adès reconforte,
 car nus ne peut parfaitement voloir,
 S'il ne li plaist autant à endurer
 çou dont amours fait les siens en doloir,
 con de merchi recevoir ;
 car puis c'amours le maistrie,
 pour son profit le castie,
 et pur ben savoir ensi
 s'amours vanroit pour riens metre en oubli.

Ceste raison me fait si lie porter
 çou dont amours fait les siens en esmouvoir,
 Qu'il m'est avis seulement dou pensser,
 c'à paines mieux doit fins amis voloir ;
 et quant celi puis veoir,
 vers qui mes cuers s'umelie,
 il convient ten . . ist qu'il rie,
 ains qu'il se taingne agari,
 car je ne vis fors d'amours et de li.

Dame, por tous nices cuers dotrinez,
 sage de droiste onnesté concevoir,
 Je ne vus os de moi merchi rouner,
 mais s'ensi est qu'en face mon devoir,
 moi voele ramentevoir
 amours par sa cortoisie,
 tant qu'en vous pités nourie
 soit par amours, que j'em pri,
 si qu'ele soit avec amours pourmi.

Loes que ma cançons oie
 ert à ce pui envoie,
 sera ma dame par qui
 amours me tient amoureux et joli.

The next song, on a more serious subject, is taken from a well-known poetical manuscript of the reign of Edward I preserved in the Bodleian Library. It possesses considerable elegance for an English composition of this period, and is distinguished by a high tone of moral sentiment.

SONG ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF WORLDLY AFFAIRS.

[From MS. Digby, No. 86, fol. 163.]

Chaunçon del secle.

Uuorlde blisse ne last non throwe,
 Hit wint and went awei anon;
 The lengore that hic hit i-cnowe,
 The lasse ich finde pris theron.
 For al hit is i-meind with care,
 With serewen and with evel fare,
 And at the laste povre and bare,
 Hit let mon wen hit ginneth agon;
 Al the blisse that is her and there
 Bi-louketh an ende wop and mon.
 Al shal gon that her mon oweth,
 Al hit shal wenden into nowt;
 The mon that her no good ne soweth,
 Wen other repeth he worth bi-caut.
 Thenk, mon, the wile thou havest miȝtte,
 Thine gultes her to riȝtte.
 And do good bi dai and bi niȝtte,
 Ar thou be of this lif i-lawt.
 For thou nost wene Crist oure Driȝtte
 The axseth that he the haveth bi-tawt.
 Al the blisse of thisse live
 Thou shalt, mon, henden in woep;
 Of hous, of hom, of child, of wive,
 Seli mon, tak therof koep.
 For al thou shalt bi-leven here
 Eiȝtte werof loved thou were,
 Wen thou list, mon, oppon bere,
 And slepest thene longe dreri slep,
 Ne shalt thou haven with the non fere,
 Bot thine werkes on an hep.
 Mon, wi sest thou love and herte
 On worldes blisse, that nout ne last?
 Wi tholiest thou thin herte smerte,
 For love that is ounstudefast?
 Thou lickest honi of thorn i-wis,
 That sest thi love on worldes blis;

For ful of bitternesse hit is ;
 Ful sore thou miȝt ben agast,
 For after that thou spenest her amis,
 Leste thou be into helle i-cast.
 Thenk, mon, werof Crist the wroute,
 And do wey prude of herte and mod :
 Thenk wou dere he the abowte
 On rode with his suete blod.
 He ȝaf the his bodi in pris,
 To bugen the blis, ȝif thou art wis :
 Bi-thenk the, mon, and oup aris
 Of slewthe, and bi-gin to werchen god,
 The wile time to werchen is,
 For elles ich telle the witles and wod.
 Al dai thou miȝt understonden,
 And thi mirour bi-foren the sen,
 Wat is to don, wat is to shonden,
 And wat to holden, and wat to flen.
 For al dai thou sist with thin eien
 Hou this world wend, and ou men deien ;
 For wite the wel that thou shalt deien
 Ase the dede and eke ded ben,
 Ne halt ther no mon for to halien,
 Ne mai no mon ben deth aȝein.
 Nis ther non goed unforȝolde,
 Ne non evel nis ther unboust.
 Mon, wen thou list under molde,
 Thou shalt haven so thou havest wroust.
 Thenk, mon, therfore, I the rede,
 And clanse the of thine misdede,
 That he the helpe at thine nede
 That so dere the haveth about,
 And to hevene blisse the lede,
 That ever last and ne faileth nout !

Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

The next song, taken from the same manuscript as the preceding, belongs to a class of which several examples will be found in the Political Songs (Camden Society's Publication), and which are rather common in manuscripts. They show the profound and extensive feeling of suffering and distress which pervaded society under the feudal regime and the Romish church system. I believe that some

one has objected to the title of *Song on the Times* given to these compositions, as not being authorised by manuscript authority. They are indeed generally found without title; but I have sometimes found them with the Latin title *De sæculo* and with the French title *Chansun del secle*, which are tolerably well translated by the English title here given.

SONG ON THE TIMES.

[From MS. Digby, No. 86, fol. 164, v*.]

Hic demonstrat veritatem seculi istius.

Fides hodie sopitur,
vigilatque pravitas;
lucrum serit qui mentitur,
damnum metit veritas;
nullum nisi qui blanditur
extollit prosperitas;
hunc qui fide stabilitur
deprimit adversitas:
paucos generositas,
nullum levat probitas
ad honorem, quam venit
malam nectit, et orditur
dealbata falsitas.

Aulam regis qui scrutatur
poterit advertere,
quod si quis non adulatur
sedebit in pulvere;
gestis malis applaudatur,
detur laus in scelere;
candor in nigrum vertatur;
si quis velit surgere,
sciat morem gerere,
non uti, sed quærere,
et quæsitis ne fruatur,
sed ut dives moriatur,
discat pauper vivere.

Curiales non offendit
[f]requens adulatio;
[a]dulantem sed ascendit
[l]ibens exaudiscio;
[in]nocentem vocem vendit

...tum exterminio;
 ...lantem fallax defendit
 pari sub flagitio;
 involutus vitrio,
 si subdit iudicio,
 sic quod iudex non accendit
 nochis olytos ^(sic) descendit
 [de] cœlesti solio.

Sexus alter similabit
 floris agni nebula;
 sed lupum corde velabit
 vulpinaque fœdera:
 exemplar dum una dabit
 quod delinquit altera,
 successive pullulabit
 nova semper vipera;
 tam nova quam vetera
 pullulabit scelera;
 male natam castigabit,
 immo sibi conformabit
 genitrix adultera.

Utinam poetizando
 sancto sub velamine,
 atque magis memorando,
 hoc dixissent fœminæ;
 sed in mora complicando
 teximus hoc carmine,
 sibilante detestando
 viperarum germine;
 jam exuta virgine,
 subinducto crimine,
 corpus semel publicando,
 de rubore propinando,
 fit, Tu autem, Domine.

Explicit de veritate.

The following example of the Latin lyrics of England in the thirteenth century is interesting for its subject and for its singular gracefulness of composition. In the original manuscript it is written in prose, like most of the early songs of this description.

SONG ON THE VANITIES OF THE COURT.

[From MS. Arundel Brit. Mus. No. 201, fol. 73, v^a.]

Rimatus omnes curias,
magnas, parvas, et medias,
episcopales, regias,
curiarum incurias
multiformes et varias
dum video, irrideo.
nec ideo
a curiis abstineo,
sed ipsas semper adeo,
rimatus omnes curias.

In curiis sublimibus
in ipsis curialibus
non est locus virtutibus,
omnes putrescunt sordibus
pusilli cum majoribus;
incuria, malitia,
fallacia,
obsidet tanquam propria,
virtuti præsunt vitia
in curiis sublimibus.

Sublime tenent solium
diplois adulantium,
jugis scissura cordium,
rancor, livor, et odium,
spes, timor, ira, gaudium,
et alia flagitia,
tam varia,
tamque detestabilia,
et siqua sunt similia,
sublime tenent solium.

Vitiis dudum deditus
et curiis implicitus,
dum curiarum aditus,
harumque graves exitus,
et quod casus sit subitus
de medio concipio,
desitio,
cognitoque vitio

vitium nec effugio,
vitiis dudum deditus.
Ejectum te reperies
forsan in die septies,
ubi tamen tu nescies,
nec ut surgas adjicies,
nam omnes in te senties
irruere cum pondere,
qui prospere
vitam ducis in vespere,
jam lucis orto sidere
ejectum te reperies.

The sentiments of the foregoing song are often reproduced in mediæval writers. There is some similarity even in expression in the following not ungraceful song of the sixteenth century, which is found in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, and which appears worthy of reprinting.

THE WOOD-MANS WALKE.

My first dayes walk was to the court
Where beautie fed my eyes:
Yet found I that the courtly sport
Did make it slie disguise:
For falsehood sate in fairest lookes
And friend to friend was coy:
Court-favour filld but emptie rookes,
And there I found no joy.
Deserte went naked in the colde,
When crouching craft was fed:
Sweet words were chepely bought and sold,
But none that stood in sted.
Wit was employd for each mans owne,
Plain-meaning came too short:
All these devices seen and knowne
Made me forsake the Court.

The following piece was printed in 1809 from the same MS. in the Bodleian Library which has already contributed so much towards the present volume, by J. J. Conybeare, in a rare tract on Octavian, p. 51. It resembles very closely a passage in the French *Chastiment des Dames*, published in Barbazan, tom. ii, p. 213.

ENGLISH VERSES ON LOVE.

[From MS. Digby, No. 86.]

Love is sofft, love is swet, love is goed sware ;
 Love is muche tene, love is muchel kare ;
 Love is blissene mest, love is bot ȝare ;
 Love is wondred and wo, with for to fare.
 Love is hap, wo it haveth, love is god hele ;
 Love is lecher and les and lef for to tele ;
 Love is doute in the world, with for to dele ;
 Love maketh in the land moni hounlele.
 Love is stalewarde, and strong for to striden on stede ;
 Love is loveliche a thing to wommon nede ;
 Love is harde and hote as glovinde glede ;
 Love maketh moni mai with teres to wede.
 Love hath his stivart by sti and by strete ;
 Love maketh moni mai hire wonges to wete ;
 Love is hap, wo it haveth, hou far to hete ;
 Love is wis, love is war, and wilful an wede.
 Love is the soffttest thing in herte may slepe ;
 Love is craft, love is good, with kares to kepe.
 Love is les, love is lef, love is longinge ;
 Love is fol, love is fast, love is frowringe ;
 Love is sellich an thing, wose shal soth singe.
 Love is wele, love is wo, love is geddede ;
 Love is lif, love is deth, love may hous fede.
 Were love also londdreï as he is furst kene,
 Hit were the worthlokste thing in werlde were, ich wene :
 Hit is y-said in an song, soth is that sene,
 Love cometh with kare and hendeth with tene
 Mid lavedi, mid wive, mid maide, mid quene.

One of the characteristics of our early popular poetry, which must have had its foundation in the state of society, is the gross manner in which the fair sex is continually attacked. Innumerable examples might be cited from poetry and prose, and pieccs entirely devoted to the subject are not uncommon in manuscripts. In M. Jubinal's collection entitled *Jongleurs et Trouvères*, we have *Li epystles des femes* (p. 21), *L'evangile as fames* (p. 26), *Le blastange des fames* (p. 75), and *Le blasme des fames* (p. 79), all directed against the good reputation of the ladies : a French (or Anglo-Norman) poem in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* (vol. ii, p. 221), another in the same language entitled *La joste des dames*, (in the same collection, vol. i, p. 162),

an English *Song on Woman* (ib. vol. i, p. 248), and a scrap in Latin prose (ib. vol. i, p. 168) take the same view of the subject, and many others might be added from manuscripts. In a French song printed in my *Specimens of Lyric Poetry* (p. 107) the ladies are very ungallantly compared to magpies.

The softer sex was not, however, entirely without its advocates, as may be seen by the following poem. The praise of the ladies is the subject of a very elegant poem in French, printed in the little volume last quoted (p. 1), of a poem in the same language in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* (vol. ii, p. 218), of an English song in the same collection (vol. i, p. 275), and of another English song of which two texts (from different manuscripts) are printed in a little collection of *Songs and Carols*, (Piekering, 1836). Among other pieces on this side of the question it may be sufficient to indicate a Latin poem of some length in MS. Arundel. (Brit. Mus.) No. 201, fol. 68, v^o, with the title *Contra eos qui dicunt, fœmina nulla bona*, in which a number of illustrious females are enumerated, and which ends with the lines—

Fœminei sexus flores, sine fine valete,
Et nostri semper memores estote poetæ,
Ærumnis miseri vatis succurrite vestri,
Quas commendavi quamvis sermone pedestri.
In me carnales hostes et spirituales
Jugiter arma ferunt, et me subvertere querunt;
Quos omnes sperno, mihi regis favente superno,
Sub vestra parma veniens securus ad arma.

POEM IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

[From MS. Berne, No. 354, fol. 174, r^o.]

Oez, seignor, je n'otroi pas
Que de fame face nus gas;
Je n'otroi pas que nus en die
Nule chose fors cortoisie.
Fame doit l'an tot jors servir,
Et de tot faire à son plaisir;
Nus n'en doit dire vilenie,
Que je l' tandroie à vilenie.
Je l'ai oi, c'est veritez,
Sa conpeignie valt assez.
Il fait moult bien selonc nature,
Qui en fame despant sa cure:
Bien doit entrer en sainte eglise,
o

Qui fame aime, qui fame prise ;
Sachiez, bien fait que faire doit,
Qui fame aime et qui fame croit :
Sanz prisier, sanz vanter sovant,
Doit li hom faire son talant.
Bien lo prove boene nature,
Qui sovant a de fame cure ;
De fame doit-en tot biens dire.
De boene fame nus n'empire.
Ice que Eve nos toli,
La mere Deu lo nos randi,
Et por la mere au criator
Doit en porter à fame enor ;
Et por itant que petit vaut,
Et clers et lais, se Dex me saut,
Se fame vialt, je l' di por voir,
Por ce doit fame enor avoir.
N'est pas de Deu desesperez,
Qui fame fait ses volantez.
Se fame n'estoit, jo di bien,
Toz li mondes ne valdroit rien :
Que ele fait joie mener
Toz jors plenieremant chanter ;
Por fame chante loriol,
La merle et lo rosignol ;
Por fame chante la mauviz,
Li oiselet es plaiseiz ;
Por fame sont maint vers trové,
Et por amor sont raconté.
Qui fame vialt s'amor doner,
Cil ne doit pas joie oblier,
Si l'oblie, i fait que fox,
Je ne l' pris pas un tro de chox.
Forlingniez est de cele cort
O la fontaine d'amor sort ;
Toz jors sera malaurez,
Se par fame n'est confortez.
Verité est ce que j'ai dit,
Que nus ne puet avoir delit,
Endroit son cuer, qui vaille rien,
Se de fame ne dit tot bien.
A fame doit-en tot bien dire,
Ne li face coroz ne ire.
Qui fame fait ses volantez,

Serviz en est et enorez.
 Fame est preux, et cortoise, et sage,
 Fame n'a soin d'ome salvaje,
 Fame est la flors de cortoisie,
 Fame n'a point de vilenie :
 Hom ne sera jà si vilains,
 Se fame l'a eutre ses mains,
 En poi d'ore ne soit cortois,
 Et bien apris de totes lois.
 Fame nos fait loer d'amors ;
 Fame nos fait porter les flors ;
 Fame nos fait sovant panser
 Conmant puisson d'amors parler ;
 Qant fame vialt, ne nos falt riens,
 De soe part nos vient toz biens.
 Fame valt moult en toz endroiz ;
 Fame font bien contes et rois.
 Puis que l'amor de fame i falt,
 L'autre chose moult petit valt.
 Fames mainnent joie sovent ;
 Fame del plus lie fait dolant ;
 Nule n'en pris je, sanz savoir,
 Ne que richece, sanz avoir.
 Fame vialt mialz que nul tresor,
 Fame vialt mialz c'argent ne or,
 Fame valt miaux que nul chastiax,
 Fame valt mialz en toz endroiz
 Que nus destriers ne parlefroiz ;
 Encor valt miauz fame assez
 Que li avoires de m. citez ;
 Que fame est dame de tot bien,
 Qanq'a el monde si a suen ;
 Del tot somes en son plaisir,
 Faire nos puet vivre et morir,
 Qui fame sert, et qui en plore
 Ainz ne s'andoille qui l'anore.
 Por tant devon fame sofrir,
 Que ne poons sanz li garir.
 Por Deu, la nostre criator,
 Porter devon à fame enor,

The Arundel Manuscript already quoted, among a considerable mass of Latin verse of the thirteenth (or perhaps of the end of the twelfth) century, contains the following short piece illustrative of the

character of the jogelour or minstrel (whose name is often represented in Latin by *mimus*). The jogelour belonged to the class of society known by the general term of *ribalds*, and was commonly employed in gross and degrading representations as well as in chaunting poetry and rehearsing tales. An interesting description of his character is given by John of Salisbury, *Polycraticus*, lib. i, c. 8.

THE AGED JOGELOUR.

[From MS. Arundel, No. 201, fol. 72, v^e]

De mimo jam sene, ut resipiscat.

Usus es in theatris crebro sermonibus atris,
 Non dispar matris moribus atque patris;
 Versibus in cœnis mordacibus atque canœnis
 Usus es obsœnis, et puer et juvenis.
 Cum tua jam variis signentur tempora canis,
 Illicitos modulos qua ratione canis?
 Ægris crementum tua vox est, causaque sanis
 Languoris, veluti morbida stella canis.
 Amodo desistas gestis intendere vanis,
 Innocuosque viros rodere more canis.
 Seria secteris, et displiceant tibi nugæ;
 Dilige justitiam, justitiumque fuge;
 Sitque tibi studium circa moralia juge,
 Et veterum patrum dogma salubre suge.
 Dumque tui compos es adhuc, tua crimina luge,
 Sabbata cum bruma sunt minus apta fuge.
 Accessum furis si quis sciret vigilaret,
 Lethæo sompno nec sua membra daret.
 Mortis venturæ cunctis instantia claret;
 Omnibus incertum est quando venire paret.
 Corpus multiplici sinthomate marcet et aret,
 Postremo veniens mors pietate caret.
 Non opibus pleni miseretur, sed nec egeni,
 Non novit juveni parcere sive seni.
 Indulgere gulæ fuge toto pectore, mulæ
 Ingluviem vel equi ne videre sequi.
 Ventri donatus semper sitit, atque cibatus,
 Sit licet ad sacias ibit in inficias.
 Cum nequam ditis nequeas vim vincere vitis,
 In virtute Dei sit tibi summa spei.

¶ *Responsio mimi.*

Si sine principio das scordeon, et sine fine,
 Non te concutient dampna, flagella, minæ.
 Reddit sæpe reum tenuis substantia rerum,
 Si tibi sit gratum vites ut utrumque reatum :
 Inter utrumque tene, sic gradiere bene.
 Si me sors ungit blande vel acumine pungit,
 Pectore sincero gratis utrumque fero.
 Jure licet sigalo sit præponenda siligo ;
 Si tamen hoc careo vescor ovanter eo.
 Cervisiæ sperno potum, præsentē Falerno ;
 Et tamen hanc quæro deficiente mero.
 Si caro sit præsto piscem contempno, sed esto
 Quod caro defuerit, hic mihi gratus erit.
 Coccineam pallam plus approbo quam caracallam ;
 Si tamen illa vacet, hæc mihi sola placet.
 Gaudeo si tectum mihi sit de marmore sectum ;
 Si non, vimineum sufficit aut luteum.
 Est pluris bellus sonipes quam parvus asellus ;
 Hoc equitabo pecus, si mihi desit equus.
 Qui trax censeris, fœdus stultusque videris ;
 Si conformeris tu mihi doctus eris.

I close this little collection with a metrical treatise in Latin on Geography, kindly communicated to me by my friend Monsieur D'Avezac (the eminent geographer) from a manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris, stated to be of the twelfth century. The peculiar style of the language and rhythm bespeaks its antiquity. It is unfortunately imperfect in the part where we should expect an account of our own island. Verse was frequently applied to scientific subjects in the middle ages. It may be observed that the orthography of the manuscript is here strictly observed.

AN ANONYMOUS METRICAL TREATISE
ON GEOGRAPHY.

[From the Bibl. Royale at Paris, MS. 5091, olim Colbertinus, ad calcum codicis.]

Versus de provinciis parvium mundi.

Asia ab oriente vocata antiquitus
 a regina, cujus nomen sumpsit in imperio.

Hæc in tertia parte orbis est posita,
 ab oriente ortu solis, maris a meridie,
 ab occiduoque mari Tirrenum coniungitur;
 septentrione fluviale Tanaique cingitur.
 Habet primum paradisi hortorum delicias,
 omni genere pomorum circumseptus graminat;
 habet eciam vitæ lignum intermedio.
 Non est aestas neque frigus, sincera temperies;
 fons manat inde perhennis, fluitque in rivulis:
 post peccatum interclusus est primi hominis,
 circumseptus est undique rumphea ignea,
 ita pene usque caelum jungit incendia;
 angelorum est vallatus Cherubin præsidia.

India habet in ipsa opulenta patria,
 gentes plurimasque gestat atque magna oppida,
 insulaque Taprobane elefantes nutriat.

Auro argentoque est fecunda, atque plures gemmulas,
 crisolitus atque berillus, adamans, carbunculus,
 leonita, margaritas, uniones pullulat,
 septa cum miranda ave et in cantu nobile,
 unicornis et cameli, dracones et cimere.
 Ibi sunt auri montes, quos custodent bestiae.
 Parcia et Aracusa, simul et Asiria;
 India juncta est prope; nec minus quoque perfida
 Babilonia interque sunt confusæ linguæ.
 Arabia turris ornata, et in saltis immania;
 nascitur ibi mirra, et sardonis gemmula.
 Fenix nuncupatur avis, quæ renascitur mortua.
 Palestina et Judea, simul et Samaria,
 Pentapolis et Galilea, Aegyptus exicia,
 Bactriana et Archana, candescit Albania.
 Arminia sicque consurgit; juncta est Hiberia,
 Cappadociaque minor, ortusque Asia
 nuncupatur; nec de prope Frigia;
 Lioia sedes antiqua torrentes plurimos;
 et in Isauria salubris prominet Cilicia,
 et Licia inter ipsas, montem gestat Cimeras,
 cujus ignis flammam mittit, et nocturnis æstibus.
 In Sicilia Ethna, solisque Campania
 ita flagrat flamma ignis, vivensque per tempora.

Ad Europam properemus Agenoris filiam,
 quam Jovis arreptam assumpsit duxitque in Grecia;
 aurum corrumpit primum, nomen dedit patriæ.
 Scithia vocatur prima Europæ provincia.

Meotidas paludes sistit Albania;
 vertitur exinde locus nuncupatur Dacia;
 unde Gocia eminet adversus Dalmatiam.
 Pannonia ad Cisalpinos montesque conglomerat,
 cespitem ubere ferens, ad jumentis pabula.
 Germania nuncupatur, juncta Reno flumine,
 ubi sunt gentes amare et grandevo corpore,
 obdurato corde sepe, cæli partes incolæ,
 animo feroce sistunt, semperque indomiti,
 rapta venenata vivunt, per venena toxici.
 Plurimæ in ipsis locis variantur linguæ,
 Suevorum pars quæ, inter quos aquilonis indicat,
 quorum pagos centum narrat simul et familias.
 Mons Suevus est vocatus, a quo nomen inchoat.
 Danubius currit per longum inter gentes maximas,
 fluvios largos ministrat, et Sclavis pabula,
 Chunis pergit medianis, Winedis saciat,
 interfuso oceano ubi manent Saxones,
 agiles et cordurati et in armis validi.
 Scitdi sevi et Fresones, valentque pirati.
 Franci demum a Francone nomen prius sumpserunt,
 armati et feroces, regna plura ceperunt,
 modo tenent Christiani, cum divino munere.
 Gallia Belgica dicta, super ripas Sequane,
 ubi sunt villæ regales, et venusti principes,
 ad bellandum fortes viri, pugnando terribiles.
 Lugdunenses sunt vocatæ Galliæ provinciae,
 quam insident Burgundi, . . . cum ingenti gloria.
 Rodanus fluit per eam, tendit ad Hispaniam.
 vocatur inde, ultra ripas Sequanæ.
 Juncta litus Oceani pertingit ad Ligerem,
 patria fecunda nimis, conjuncta Brittonibus.
 Aquitania consurgens maxima provincia,
 Ligeris limbo exorta usque in Dornonia,
 et Garonna circumfusa, currens per planiciem.
 Gabirius sicque ad urcus exilent de montibus.
 Wascones incolunt terram, per divexa vallium.
 Septimania interque pertingens et ad Alpes.
 Spania ab Hiberno dicta est Hibera,
 Spalo postea vocaverunt, unde nunc Spania,
 tercio nomen ferens narratur Speria.
 Copia gemmarum magna, metallis ditissima,
 flumina currunt per eam, Hiberus et Mineas;
 Tagus aurum gignit multum, simul atque minio.

Italia olim a Grecis obsessa acquiritur,
 deinde a Saturno nomen tale censetur;
 longa in circuitu, lata minus panditur;
 habet locum venenatum Avernum et Lucrinum,
 fluviumque Eridanum, et Tiberim maximum.
 Sic tubantes manat fontes, binar gemmas tribuit.
 Tuscia atque Ruria juncta finem Tiberis
 ubi Romula est sita, et est onus nobilis,
 in imperio est caput cunctisque provinciis.
 Tracia atque Hiberus, Hiladas, Dalmatia,
 Philipenses et Tessali, juncta Machedonia,
 Achaia atque Archadia, nectitque Pannonia.

Sicilia a rege Secano vocata antiquitus,
 promontoria Pirorum, Pacinum et Libenum
 ab Italia disjunctum, fretumque exiguum.
 Terra fructum multum aurum abundantium,
 per cavernas penetratur ventorum spiritus,
 sulphureum habet odorem, ignemque
 Clauditur ambitus trium milium stadiorum
 narrat uta Salustius.
 In Sicilia Ethna novem ardent jugiter.
 in oceano, mareque concluditur,
 quadragies sociis quinque septuaginta milibus,
 uberes emanat fontes, terraque fructifera.
 Taratus insula vertilis et Archadis plurimas.
 Hibernia maxima floret multa sapientia,
 vermiumque sic purgata, apium aculia.
 Huc usque nunc in oceano reperiuntur insulæ.
 Multa sunt in sinu maris, quæ ignorant homin . . .
 Si quis vellet perlustrare, multum haberet per o . . .

Corpore non magnus, verborum flore sed altus,
 Priscorum varia eloquor excidia;
 Hic tamen ut fierem, multis licet agnitus essem,
 Me, Roberte, tuo edideras calamo.
 Sed Constantinus, abbatum nobile sydus,
 Hoc fieri voluit sedulus et monuit.
 Hinc veniam sceleris lector sibi posce fidelis,
 Et servare velis me, rogo, dum relegis.

APPENDIX.

The following version of the story of the Miller and the two Clerks is reprinted from an unique tract of the sixteenth century, preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, bearing the following title :—

A ryght pleasaunt and merye Historie of the Mylner of Abyngdon, with his wife, and his fayre daughter : and of two poore scholers of Cambridge. Wherevnto is adioyned another merye jest of a Sargeaunt that woulde haue learned to be a fryar. Imprinted at London by Rycharde Jhones.

Although it contains some incidents which seem to show a close connection both with the French fabliau printed in the present volume, and with the tale as related by Chaucer, yet other parts of the story here vary so widely from both, that the writer seems to have used some older independent version of the same story. On this account only it merits to be reprinted.

THE MILLER OF ABINGTON.

A verie merie Historie of the Milner of Abington.

Fayre lordings, if you list to heere
A mery jest your mindes to cheere,
Then harken to this mery tale,
Was never meryer set to sale.
At Abyngton it so befell,
Therby a widowe late did dwell;
She had two sonnes that she loved well,
For fater had they none.
At Cambridge are they set, I wene,
Five mile is them bytwene,
Their spendinge was full mene,
To the scole there did they go,
Some learning for to get, you knowe;
By good mens helpe they were kept so,
Other finding none they had.
This life longe they ledde,
The mother founde them at borde and bedde,
And by these meanes were they fedde

More than seven yere.
Their mother then upon a daie,
To Cambridge she toke the waie,
And to hir sonnes gan she saie
With a hevy chere,
"Sonnes, I will be here anone,
And than I wot ye will come home;
But corne nor bread can I get none,
The countrey is so deere."
"Mother," then they sayd anone,
"We wyll into the countrey gone
To good men, and make our mone,
If wee may any thinge get."
So longe they went from towne to towne,
In the countrey up and downe,
That they gate in short season
A large met of wheate.
Than anone when they it had,
Unto their mother they it lad,
And she therof was full glad;
But longe they ne let,
But at their neyghbours house on the morne
They borrowed a horse to cary their corne
To the mille them beforne,
For nothing wolde they let.
The mylner was joly in his workes all;
He had a doughter fayre and small,
The clerke of the towne loved her above all,
Jankyn was his name.
The mylner was so trewe and fele,
Of each mannes corne wolde he steale
More than his toledish by a deale:
He let for no shame.
He was so subtyll and so slye,
He wolde it take before their eye,
And make them a proper lye,
And put himselfe out of blame.
To the mylner they were sande,
In the mylle-dore dyd he stande;
They tied their horse with a bande,
They had harde of his name.
That one clerke to that other sware,
"Of the theefe we wyll be ware;
Have he never so mykell care,

Of our corne getteth he but small,
Though he go out of his wyt.
Thou shalte by the spoute syt
Tyll the poke faste be knyt,
And the meale in all,
Though he be never so wo.
And I wyl up unto the stones go;
And he begyle us bothe two,
Foule might him befall!"
The corne up the milner wan,
And than the clerke fast up ran,
By the stones styll stode he than,
Tyll it was grounde in fere.
The mylners house is nere,
Not the length of a lande,
In a valey can it stande,
Two myle from Abyngton.
In his herte had he care,
For the clerkes were so ware,
He myght not do as he dyd are,
But to his sonne gan ronne.
"Boy, loke thou let for no drede,
The clerkes horse home thou lede
Also faste as thou may spede,
Or the meale be done.
Behinde my backhouse dore him set;
For they shall fayle of their met,
Tho the poke fast be knet,
I sweare by my crowne."
The litell boye stint nought
Till the horse was home brought,
Thereof wiste the clerkes nought,
For sothe as I you saie.
The clerkes their meale up hent,
And out at the dore they went,
"Alas!" they said, "we be shent!
[Oure horse is run away.]"
"By God," than the milner sware,
"Than get you him no mare,
For some theefe was of him ware,
And hath had him away."
The one clerke sayd to the other.
"Go we seke hym selfe, brother,
Thou one way, and I another,

Finde him if we maie,"
But ever they drede of the meale,
That the milner wolde therof steale ;
The poke they bounde, and set on a seale,
And their horse than sought they.
The mylner laughed them to scorne,
And great othes hath he sworne,
If he might have none of their corne,
He wolde have of their meale.
His daughter to the mille can fare,
And his diner to him bare,
And also faste he tolde hir yare
All every deale,
How two clerkes in the morne
Brought with them a met of corne,
" And ever they warned mee beforne,
That I shoulde none steale :
But do now, doughter, as I thee saie,
Go fet mee a shete, I the pray,
And in faithe I will do saie
To get of the meale.
For nothings wolde [he] let,
On a whyte shete he it set,
And moche floure he out bet,
And hole was the seale.
With two staves in the stoure
They dange theron whyles they myght doure,
Till they had a pecke of floure,
For sothe as I you say.
They gathered it up than anone,
And put in a poke full soone,
And bade his daughter beare it home,
Even the ryght way.
Then the clerkes had mykell thought,
For their horse they sought,
That they him finde might nought
Of all that longe day.
And whan the night drewe nere,
At the mylle they met in fere,
And bothe they made a simple chere,
For their goodly hackeny.
That one clerke sayd, " by God of might,
Me thinke our poke is waxen light,
I thinke it be not all aryght,

That lyketh mee full yll.
My heed therto dare I lay,
That he hath stolen some away."
That other clarke sayd, "Nay, nay,
The seale standeth on styll."
They both did to the milner say,
"Herberowe us to night, we thee pray,
And we wyll therfore well pay,
What so ever thou wyll;
For we dare not to the towne gone,
Tyll we bring our horse home:
If we do, by swete saynte John,
We mon like it yll."
The mylner sayd, "By Goddes might,
I shall harborowe you to night,
And your supper shall be dight
Right well, if wee may."
There they bare their meale bitwene them two,
And home with the mylner dyd they go;
His wife welcomed them tho,
So dyd his doughter gay.
About a fyre they were set,
And good ale was there fet,
And therwith they their mouthes wet,
And soone souped they.
At their supper, as they made them glad,
That one clerke nyce countenaunce made,
And prively on the maidens foote he treade,
And she tourned awaie.
Whan they had eaten and made them glad,
The milner his daughter bade
Soone that a bed were made,
"Also fast as you maie.
And make it by the side brinke,
That the clarkes may therein winke,
And slepe till it be daie.
For I will to my bedde win:
And if you here any din,
It is my man dothe come in,
Forsothe as I you saie;
For he is in the towne at his warke,
Whan he dothe come in, the hounde will bark."
This ment the milner by the clarke,
That helde his daughter gay.

By one side the clarke lay,
By the other side his wife and he, I saie,
And for his doughter so gay
Another bedde was dyght,
In a chamber, as I weene,
Was a wall them betweene ;
And a cake she made so clene,
Thereof the clarkes had a sight :
Of their owne meale it was.
Hir lemman befell suche a case,
Herken, sirs, howe it was,
That he might not come that night ;
For to a faire was there beside,
On his maisters errande for to ride
Erly in the morowe tide,
Before any day light.
This one clarke styll he lay,
And thought on this damsell gay,
And to his brother can he saie,
" What is mee best to do ?
For by God and by Saint Mighell,
I thinke so on the damosell,
I had muche lever than I can tell
That I might winne hir to."
His brother said, " This is nought :
Of my horse I have more thought,
By Jesu that mee deere bought,
Howe we maie winne him to."
" Yet lie still, brother, I the praie,
For come there what come maie,
At the dore I will assaie
If it will undoe."
This one clarke to the dore can fare,
She said, " Jankin, be ye there ? "
" Ye, forsothe," he did answer,
And in there did he go.
Against a fourme he hurte his shin,
Or he might to the bedde win,
Therfore the clarke was wo.
" Jankin," she said, " for Mary dere,
Whie do ye make such cheere ?
Your way shoulde you better leere,
So oft as you come heere."
At that worde the clarke loughe,

And by the voice to her he drough,
Of her he had his will ynough,
And plaide them togyther.
Whan the clarke had done his will,
By the damosell he lay full stil,
And belyve she said him til,
How two clarkes came thyther
Upon the Monday at morne,
And brought with them a met of corne
On a horse them beforne,
" And bothe they were full lither ;
For the one clarke stode at the spoute
Thereas the meale shoulde come out,
That other went ever aboute,
And let us of our pray.
My father did see it might be none other,
He rowned unto my brother,
And bade it shoulde be none other,
But lede their horse away.
My litel brother blinned nought,
Ere their horse was home brought ;
Like two fooles they have him sought
All this longe daie.
As we at our supper sate,
That one clarke nice countenaunce made,
And privelie on my foote he trade,
But ever I tourned awaie.
Upon the poke he set the seale,
For my father shoulde none steale,
Yet we had of their meale,
And of their whitest floure.
For nothinge wolde he let,
On a shete we it set,
And with two staves it bet
As longe as we might doure ;
And into our backhouse their horse is brought,
Therof wotte the clerkes nought."
The clarke laught and made good cheere,
Whan he of that myght heare,
" That was well done, my derling deere,
By God my Saviour ! "
Both together asleepe they fell ;
Of the other clarke I wyll you tell,
And of the mylners wife how it befell,

A whyle if you will abide.
All waking styl he laye,
And in his heart he thought aye,
" My felowe hath a merie plaie
In this even tide."
The mylners wife did rise water to make,
Stilly, for the milner should not wake,
The right way againe could she not take,
For the house was so wide;
But a childe in a cradell laie
At the beddes feete, as I you saie,
Thereby she knew the right waye
Unto hir beddes side.
The clarke laie and harde ylke dele,
And of the cradell he wyst well,
" And if thou rise by saint Michael,
The cradell shal awaie."
Againe he rose or she did sleepe,
The clarke thereof tooke good keepe,
Out of his bedde soone he can creepe
As fast as ever he maie.
For nothing woulde he let,
The cradell away he let,
At his beddes side he it set,
Forsothe as I you saye.
The good wife came anone,
And tyll her husbande can she gone,
But cradell founde she there none,
Shee did seeke full faste alwaie.
All about she groped fast,
The cradell founde shee at the last.
The milner did sleepe full fast,
And wist not of this warke.
By the cradell that she there fande,
She had went it had bene hir husbande,
She lyst up the clothes with her hande,
And laide her downe by the clarke.
Thus that one clarke laye by the wife,
That other by the daughter, by my life!
Had the milner wist, there had ben strife
For that nights warke.
That one clarke waked and he dyd say,
That by the milners daughter lay,
" I must to a faire gone or it be day,"

And on he did his sarke.
 " Now I pray you, my hinde lemman free,
 A gowne cloath then buie you mee,
 And I sweare, so mote I thee,
 I wyll paye therefore."
 " By Jesu," he saide, " my sweeting,
 I have but three shylling,
 That is but a lyttle thing
 But if I had more."
 Thus the clarke he made it towe,
 The damsell her forcer to her drawe,
 " By God, ye shall have inowe
 For to paie therefore."
 The key by the cofer did hange,
 Forthe she drewe thirty shillinge,
 Forsothe every farthinge,
 And neither lesse nor more.
 The thirtie shillinge she gan him take,
 " This made I, sir, for your sake,
 Take it nowe with you all."
 " Now have good day, mine owne swetinge,
 For longe or any day dothe springe,
 The cocke full merelie his note will singe,
 And my maister will mee call."
 Full merie chere the clarke can make
 With thirty shillinge and his cake,
 The righte waie can he take
 Downe by the wall,
 Till he came at his brothers bedde,
 Than from the cradell away he yedde,
 And anone away he fledde
 On the further side of the hall.
 Of his silver he toke good keepe,
 Downe by the milner can he creepe,
 And wakened him out of his sleepe,
 And said, " Wilte thou heare a good game?
 For I have had a merie night
 With the milners daughter bright;
 Mee liketh wel, by Gods might,
 That we wende not home.
 For I have thirty shillinge and a cake,
 That the false theefe fro our corne did take."
 With that the milner did wake.
 " By God and by Saint Jhon,

And also she hath mee tolde
Howe he hath our horse in holde,
In his backhouse he hath him bolde,
I praie God give him shame!"
The milner starte up redely,
"Thou liest," he said, "with great envy,
And that shalte thou full dere abyē:
Theefe, what hast thou done?"
He sterte up in a great teene,
And stout strokes was them betweene;
The milner was the more keene,
And gate the clarke downe.
His wife waked anone right,
"Out, sir," she said, "the clerkes do fight,
The one will slee the other to night,
But if you parte them soone."
The clarke wakened, and had great wonder,
But he durste them not sunder,
Full well he sawe his felowe under
By the light of the mone.
The milners wife hent a staffe tite,
"Sir," she said, "who shall I smite?"
"Dame," sayde the clarke, "him in the white,
Hit him if thou maie."
The milner befel a foule happe,
He had on his night-cappe,
His wife lent him suche a rappe,
That stil on grounde he laie.
Thus the milners heed was broken,
The backhouse faste was stoken,
Beleeve mee, the clarkes braste it open,
And in than went they.
The meale on the horse they caste,
And awaye they hyed them faste,
With all their things home they paste
Long or any day.
Forth they went by moonelight,
To Abingdon they came right
Before it was day light,
Home unto their dame.
Than was her heart full light,
Whan she sawe her sonne in sight,
She thanked God with all her might
That they were comen home.

All their meale and thirtie shylling
They gave their mother without leasing,
And sence they tolde her of that thing,
They let for no blame.
Their mother saide, "If yee doo right,
Keepe ye well out of his sight,
For if he may get you, by Goddes might,
He wyll doo you shame,"
Of that silver the clarkes were faine,
The one clarke hied with all his maine,
And ledde their horse home againe
Uppon the same morne.
The mother them a capon slew,
And of the cake they eate inowe,
And soone to Cambridge they drew,
Thereas they were beforne.
Twentie shylling with them they bare,
Unto the schole gan they fare;
The mylner gate of them no mare,
If he had it sworne.
Whan they were gone these scollers bothe,
I tell you plaine this milner was lothe,
And to his bedde againe he gothe,
For he was full of paine.
His wife before had given him
Vengeable strypes, by swete saint Sim;
She had almoste broken bothe lithe and lim
Of the milner, I tell you plaine.
And so the milner and his wife,
For this folishe deede they had great strife
All the dayes of their life,
That he had ben so mad.
And the daughter that was yonge
Did often singe a sory songe,
And wished for the clarke that was so longe
With her gowne clothe to make her glad;
And also for his mery play,
She longed for him full sore in fay,
That he should come againe that waie,
Though she should never the clothe see.
The wenche she was full proper and nyce,
Amonge all other she bare great price,
For sche coude tricke it point device,
But fewe like her in that countree.

At the laste the milner untrewē,
 That had ben beaten bothe blacke and blewe,
 His owne deede he gan to rewe;
 And though he had ben false,
 For many a trewer than he
 Was judged without pité
 Upon a dreadfull gallowe tree
 To be hanged by the halfe.
 But sore sicke in his bedde
 All his life he ledde,
 That he was faine to be fedde
 Of his wife, withouten mis.
 Thus with shorte conclusion,
 This milner through his abusion
 Was brought to confusion
 For all his falsehed iwis;
 And ended his life full wretchedly,
 In paine, care, and misery;
 Wherefore he did beare an horne.
 For steeling of meale this onlie,
 His wife and his doughter were laine by
 Of two poore scolers full merely,
 That oft did laugh him to scorne.
 In pacience he must take it al,
 In chamber, in bowre, and eke in hall,
 Whatsoever the folke than did him call,
 Contented muste he be.
 Thus endeth this mery jest iwis,
 And Christe that is kinge of eternall blis
 Bringe us all there whan his will is!
 Amen for charité.

FINIS.



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ERRATA.

- p. 56, l. 27, *for* censulere, *read*, consulere.
p. 84, l. 37, *for* vrgynité, *read*, vyrgynité.
p. 89, l. 1, *for* reconforte, *read*, reconforter.





